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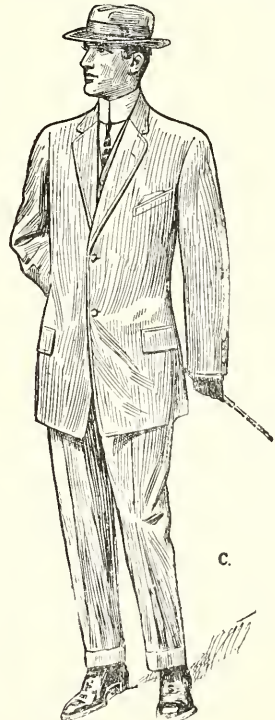
mission is an all-important one to earnest investigators of Latter-day Saint doctrines. If his claims to a God-given appointment be false, forming, as they do, the foundation of the Church in the last dispensation, the superstructure cannot be stable; if, however, his purported ordination under the hands of heavenly personages be a fact, one need search no further for the cause of the phenomenal strength and growing power of the restored Church. The circumstances of the divine dealings with Joseph Smith, the marvelous development of the work instituted by this modern prophet, the fulfillment through his instrumentality of many of the grandest predictions of old, and his own prophetic utterances with their literal realizations, will yet be widely acknowledged as proof conclusive of the validity of his ministry.^k The exalted claims maintained for him and his life's work, the fame that has made his name known for good or evil among most of the civilized nations of the earth, the vitality and growing strength of the religious and social systems which owe their origin as nineteenth-century establishments to the ministrations of this man, give to him an individual importance warranting at least a passing consideration.

10. HIS PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.—Joseph Smith, the third son and fourth child in a family of ten, was born December 23d, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. He was the son of Joseph and Lucy Mack Smith—a worthy couple, who though in poverty lived happily amid their home scenes of industry and frugality. When the boy, Joseph, was ten years old, the family left Vermont and settled in the State of New York, first at Palmyra, and later at Manchester, Ontario County. At the place last named, the future prophet spent most of his boyhood days. In common with his brothers and sisters, he had but little schooling; and for the simple rudiments of an education, which by earnest application he

^k See Note 3.

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Elders Thatcher Kimball and H. S. Miller of Henderson, Kentucky, write, January 21st. "We find the ERA a great spiritual help and wish it prosperity during 1911."

"The ERA is a welcome visitor in the Maryland conference, and seems necessary to missionary work, some of its readers here say it is the best magazine they have ever read."—F. H. Gunn, Conference President.

L. E. Lauritzen, of Murray, writes, December 2: "You can depend on me speaking a good word for the ERA in my rounds of the country and elsewhere, whenever I have occasion. It is a good magazine and should be read by every member of the Church."

"The article on 'The Pig and the Man,' in the October ERA, pleased me so well that I translated it into German, and read it in our Bible class, where we happened to be studying the Word of Wisdom. After I got through, all the members wanted it, so that they could copy it. It is still out on loan, and others are asking for it. I wish to thank you for your efforts in making the ERA a success."—Harold C. Kimball, Basel, Switzerland.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, APRIL, 1911.

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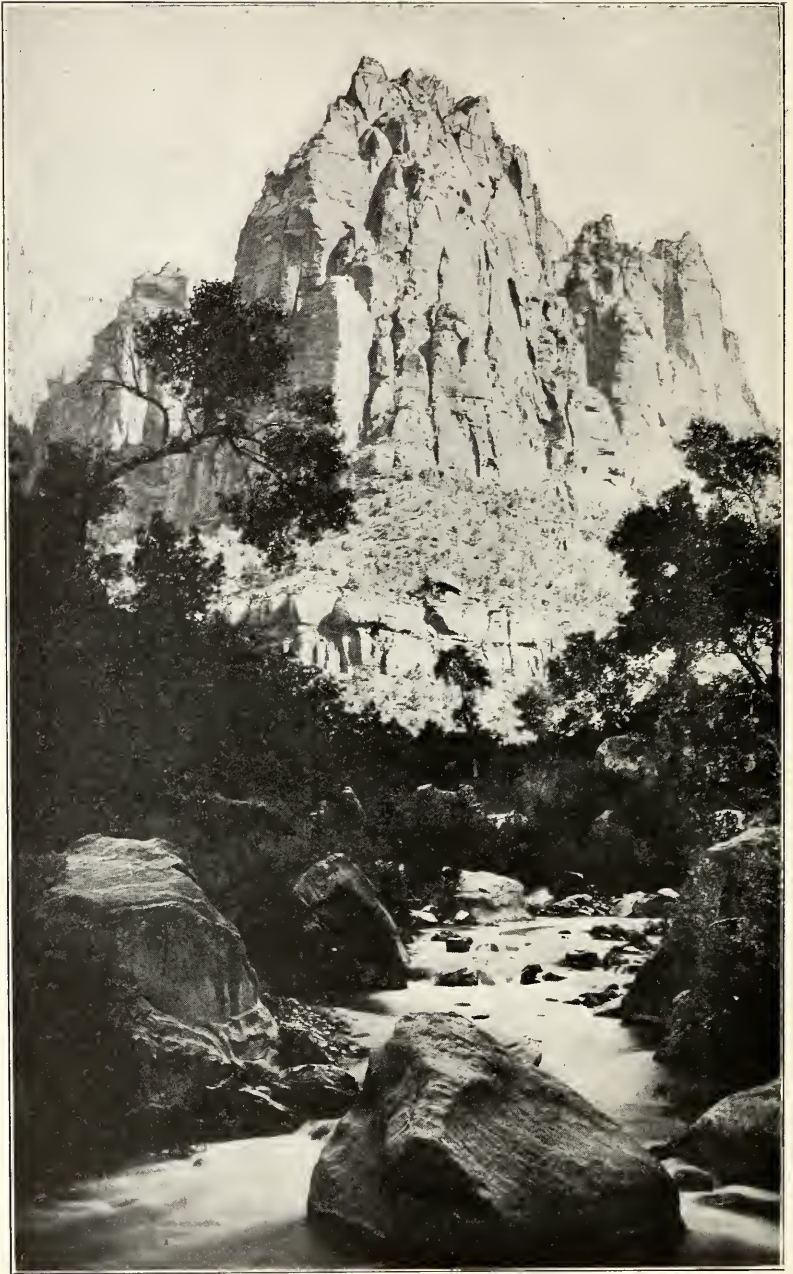
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TEMPLES OF THE RIO VIRGEN.

"The Temples came into view with considerable theatric display. At a turn in the rough and little-used road, where the stream brawled loudest, and foamed over the ruins of the cliffs, and above the arrow-wood and pinion pine, and where the oose stood in the crevices of the foreground rock, their red—I should rather say parti-colored mural fronts—fretted, traced and sculptured—stood up against the deep blue of a cloudless sky. The brilliant sunlight made them a wonderful sight to behold, nor were they less remarkable in appearance, as the sun fell westward, and edges of the wild rocks caught the red fire, making them redder than before, though in places they were purple-barred with shadows. The upper parts of the assembled walls of the Temples of the Mu-Kun-tu-weap, and also of Pa-run-u-weap, as well as Kolob, long held the light. From the Dome of Kolob, the highest point of all, the light was last to fail. That this Dome had once been an island, it is easy to believe. All these plateaus have once been the bottom of ancient seas."—ALFRED LAMBOURNE, in article in this number, "The Mu-kun-tu-weap."



A TEMPLE OF THE RIO VIRGEN,
Mu-kur-tu-weap Valley, Southern Utah.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1911.

No. 6

Law and Freedom.

BY FRANK S. HARRIS, ASSISTANT IN THE DEPARTMENT OF SOIL TECHNOLOGY, NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

All kingdoms have a law given: and there are many kingdoms; . . . and unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also conditions (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 88).

I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 98).

The truth shall make you free (John 8: 8).

Not long ago, two young men were walking along when they saw a power wire sagging nearly within reach. One of them reached toward the wire with a green willow he was carrying. His companion, warning him that there might be danger in the wire, walked on across the muddy street, and on reaching the other side looked back and saw his companion lying on the ground under the wire. Rushing to his assistance, he found him lifeless. Having disregarded the warning, and touched the live wire, death was instantaneous. His life had paid for his ignorance of one of the laws of electricity, or his failure to recognize it.

The physical world is full of just such laws, which are constant in their operations. Some are recognized by every one, while others are very complex in their workings, and can be understood only after years of patient work on the part of scientists.

For example, all know that if a stone is thrown into the air it will return to earth. Although this has been observed from time immemorial, the laws governing the phenomena were not understood until comparatively recent times. Every-day experience, however, is so plain concerning the law of gravitation, that no one would jump from a high bridge without expecting fatal results. On the other hand, take the laws governing the workings of a disease germ, while they are just as invariable as the law of gravitation, yet their discovery would not be probable without special study.

As independent as one may feel, it is impossible for him to live in the world without coming in contact with numberless interacting laws. He may think he can defy the electricity, but if he does, he dies; he may think he can overcome gravitation, but if he jumps from the bridge, he will be destroyed. Again, he may think he can defy the laws of health, and resist all germs of disease, but if he attempt it, he must succumb. Is not the sensible thing for him to do to recognize the supremacy of these great natural laws, and order his life in harmony with them, especially since his efficiency will depend on their proper use?

Many of the laws of the natural world have been discovered and thoroughly studied, and their operation is being used for the benefit of mankind. The scientific discoveries of the past century have made conditions infinitely better for humanity by helping to overcome disease, by improving the tillage of the soil, by perfecting mechanical devices, and in a thousand other ways which increase man's power and make living in the world more desirable. Thus, understanding and obeying the physical law, makes mankind free and efficient; and the true scientists, who are spending their lives unselfishly in the discovery of these laws and teaching them to their fellow-men, are worthy of a respect little short of reverence.

He who claims, however, that a knowledge of physical law is all that is necessary to complete freedom, has taken a narrow view of the subject, and one which is likely to lead to trouble. The would-be freeman who, having learned all about the control of disease and how to use the forces of nature for his benefit, might decide that he is absolutely independent, and as he walks along

the street he might set fire to various buildings to see what materials were most inflammable. At this juncture he would likely find himself behind prison bars, powerless to move. He has come in contact with a different type of law. He finds he is not alone in the world, but there are others, forming the body of society, and this body must have law to protect itself, and to ensure equal rights to all. The safest thing for him to do is to recognize this fact, and to learn to obey these laws, in order that he may have the greatest freedom in society. There are those, however, who constantly oppose all law regulating the social and political intercourse of society. These are called anarchists. They are self-deceived, since their effort to abandon law leads them further from liberty.

The laws regulating political and social freedom have cost rivers of patriot blood, and the best efforts of the world's statesmen, to establish and maintain, and these laws are necessary if order and harmony are to exist. Just and equitable laws are simply a statement of the best way in which the members of society can live together so the greatest good will be received by the greatest number.

Having become thoroughly familiar with physical and political laws, the whole field of human interest has not been covered. There is the great realm of the spiritual, or religious, that is just as important to complete freedom and happiness as either of the realms previously mentioned. It has for its province the problems of eternity, and embraces all the ages that are past, as well as those yet to come. The laws of this realm are those of an unchanging God operating throughout a universe. They are perfect in their harmony, although imperfectly understood by those in the mortal state. They are of the utmost importance to mankind, because they affect his future progress as well as his present happiness. The yearning of mankind toward something beyond the natural seems universal, and complete happiness cannot be attained until there is some understanding of the hand-dealings of God with his children.

There is nothing that will bring such joy and peace to the soul, and such a sense of freedom to the mind, as the comprehension of one of God's laws, borne testimony to by the whisperings

of the Holy Spirit. When such a condition is enjoyed, the bonds of political tyranny, and even the rackings of bodily pain, are forgotten, and the soul rises above the petty things of mortality into a celestial bliss which can be comprehended only by those who have enjoyed it.

The way to obtain this freedom of soul is based on the same principle as the obtaining of physical and political freedom, *viz.*, comprehension of the laws of a certain realm and living in harmony with them. If one opposes the laws of God relating to the spiritual, his efforts will be just as vain and self-destroying as if he resists those of the physical world, those of political justice. The laws of God include the laws of all realms that tend toward human progress. He understands the laws of nature better than any scientist; and the great statesmen of all ages have been inspired by him in forming just laws to regulate the dealings of man with man.

Now, if the greatest freedom is dependent on the understanding and obeying of law, and if God is the great Law Giver and knows better than all others how laws operate, what more important could one do who desires to be free than to seek the Father in all earnestness for light and assistance in his efforts?

Some are turned away from religious light and fail to discover spiritual law because they see differences of opinion among advocates of the higher light. Others, because they sometimes see legal tricksters in the place of statesmen, and political grafters in the place of patriots, are turned against, and fight to overcome, political law and government. There are still others who are unable to see any good in science and discovery, because some of the theories advanced by workers in this field are found to be untrue. Nevertheless, the laws of the spiritual, the political, and the natural world are operating just the same, and he who opposes them "kicks against the pricks," while he who is in harmony finds them indispensable helps to progress.

Never before in the history of the world have the laws of nature been so well understood and so much used by mankind as today; never in the history of nations was political freedom more abundant than in our own country; and never did religion offer better opportunity to comprehend the laws of God in all their ful-

ness than the religion of Jesus Christ as restored to earth in the last days. How, then, can any Latter-day Saint help saying in his heart: "Father, I thank thee for all these blessings, and with thy help I shall lend the influence of my life to making them accessible to all my fellowmen."

ITHACA, N. Y.

To Phoebe.

It has recently been discovered that one of the satellites of Saturn, known as Phoebe, is revolving in a direction the exact contrary of that which all known astronomical laws would have led us to expect. English astronomers admit that this may necessitate a fundamental revision of the nebular hypothesis—*Weekly Paper*.

Phoebe, Phoebe, whirling high in our neatly-plotted sky,
Listen, Phoebe, to my lay: Won't you whirl the other way?

All the other stars are good, and revolve the way they should,
You alone, of the bright throng, will persist in going wrong.

Don't reply that God has said. We have made a Law instead.
Have you never heard of this: Neb-u-lar Hy-poth-e-sis?

It prescribes, in terms exact, just how every star should act.
Tells each little satellite where to go and whirl at night.

Disobedience incurs anger of astronomers,
Who—you mustn't think it odd—are more finicky than God.

So, my dear, you'd better change. Really, we can't rearrange
Every chart from Mars to Hebe, just to fit a chit like Phoebe.

—C. S. DAY, JR., in *Metropolitan Magazine*.



THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

Pen Pictures of the Holy Land,

From Dan to Beersheba.

BY HAMILTON GARDNER.

VI.—A Visit to Bethlehem on Christ's Real Birthday.

Strictly speaking, if this Church was organized "one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord in the flesh," then the sixth of April must have been the anniversary of the Savior's birthday. If the organization of the Church had been subsequent to that date, if only by one or any number of days, the great event would have been more or less than one thousand eight hundred and thirty years, by just so many days. Opinions formed by the study of chronological events may or may not be accurate. But we would scarcely think the Lord would make any mistake about dates.

This statement of President Joseph F. Smith, expressing, as it does, the belief of the Latter-day Saints that Jesus was born on the sixth of April, explains why we planned our trip in Palestine so we could be in Bethlehem on that day. We anticipated no

great, celebration, no elaborate ceremonies and gorgeous pageants such as are seen on every Christmas in the "City of David." But we did believe that a visit to Christ's birthplace on his real birthday would be a most novel and interesting experience.

We left Jerusalem about the middle of the afternoon, of April fifth. This may require some explanation. In ancient times among the Jews, the old day ended and the new one began with the setting of the sun. Therefore, if Christ was born on the night of April sixth, it was sometime between what we now call the evening of the fifth and the following morning.



A GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

The drive out to Bethlehem from the Holy City—about five and one-half miles—is a highly interesting one. As is the case in other parts of Palestine, every Biblical incident that can possibly be connected with this locality has been localized at some particular spot. Thus a large rock by the roadside is said to have been the resting place of Elijah, as related in I Kings 19:5. The prophet slept so hard that the imprint of his body was left on the stone, and there it remains to this day, an object of veneration to the faithful. Tradition also has it that Mary, while on her way to Bethlehem, asked a certain man to draw her a drink from his well.

On his refusal, the water rose of itself to the level of the curb.

But there is one object of interest near Bethlehem, whose location is undoubtedly authentic. That is the tomb of Rachel. Its situation seems to agree with the Bible, and it at least has the distinction of not having been changed as far back as can be traced. The site is at present occupied by a small, round-domed, white-walled sarcophagus. Mohammedans, Christians and Jews revere this tomb, and it is much visited, especially by pilgrims of the latter faith.

Just before entering the city, we observed a large, level field off to the west. This is the reputed field of Boaz, famed for its connection with Ruth, who went gleanng there.

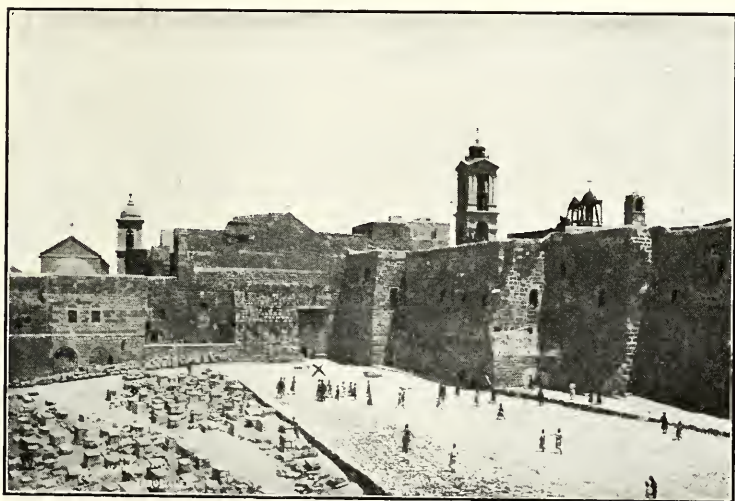
Bethlehem itself varies little from the typical city of the Orient. The same covered bazaars, narrow streets, and flat-roofed houses are to be found, and the same condition of uncleanness prevails. The redeeming feature is the great number of foreign churches, hospices, monasteries, orphanages, hospitals and schools which add much to the appearance of the town. The population is eight thousand, of which all but about three hundred are Chris-



ANOTHER GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM, SHOWING THE GARDEN
OUTSIDE THE CITY.

tians. The Bethlehemites profess to be partly descended from the Crusaders, some of whom, they maintain, intermarried with native Christians. Of their undoubted superiority over their neighbors they are extremely proud, and to this may be traced the fact that so few Mohammedans are to be found in the city.

As the scene of the beautiful idyl of Ruth, and as the home of David, Bethlehem enjoyed some local renown. But it was its proud claim to being the birthplace of Christ that sent its fame resounding throughout the world, causing millions of people to come and visit its historic places. Even today a large part of the Bethlehemites derive their only income from the souvenirs they



THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

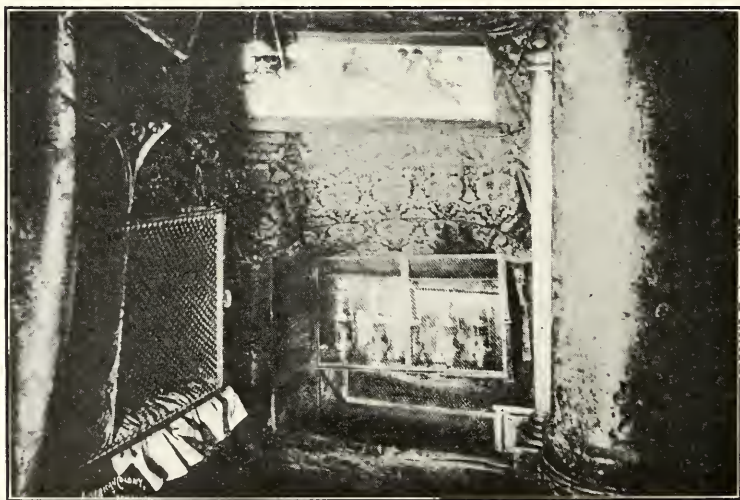
The entrance is just above the X.

sell to pilgrims and travelers. Particularly worthy of mention are the little mother-of-pearl stars. Vast numbers of these "stars of Bethlehem" are carried away each year; and indeed they form beautiful and suggestive souvenirs of Christ's birthplace.

We wasted little time in visiting the town, but proceeded immediately to the Church of the Nativity. This interesting old structure stands over the cave in which it is believed Jesus was born. As early as the second century, Justin Martyr local-

ized the Savior's birth in a cavern. His belief was that the khan, or inn, stood over this cave, and that travelers slept in the inn itself, while their animals found shelter in the cavern. Indeed, today many of the oriental khans are built so the upper floor is used by travelers and the bottom one by their animals. Finding the inn full, Joseph and Mary were compelled, therefore, to rest in the cave. The supposition that this was the exact place of the birth of the Savior has prevailed, without serious opposition, up to the present time; but that it is only a supposition goes without saying. The church has been renovated and restored many times during the past centuries, but the style of its architecture, its inscriptions and monuments, are strong evidence of its venerable antiquity. In fact it is believed that the basilica as it stands today is substantially the same as when built by Constantine about 330 A. D.

The entrance to the Church is a low doorway in one of the bare, massive, stone walls. The interior is dark, but we could easily see the four rows of columns which support the roof; and soon we could make out the old mosaic that still remains on one of the walls. At the end of this part of the church is a flight of steps, which leads down into the Chapel of the Nativity, as the



THE MANGER IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

cave where Christ was born is now called. This chapel is about forty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and ten feet high, although it includes only part of the original cavern. The grotto is now lined with marble. In one corner, in a little recess, a silver star, about one foot in diameter, has been let into the pavement. This star marks the spot where the Savior was born, as told by the inscription on it: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" ("Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.") Above this star burn continually fifteen silver lamps, of which six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. One thing about this recess seemed particularly strange to us. Right in the middle of the star, a little opening had been made, and into this, pilgrims were supposed to drop money.

Immediately opposite this recess is another, containing the manger in which the Babe was laid. The real manger is, of course, not now in existence, although one is shown in Rome.

In other chapels, adjoining the Chapel of the Nativity, have been localized the various incidents connected with the birth of the Savior—such as the adoration of the Magi and the slaughter of the innocents. The tomb of the great Latin church father, St. Jerome, who translated the Bible into Latin—the Vulgate—is also in the church.

Even here, in the house of worship that stands over the birth-place of the Son of Man, we found much the same conditions as prevail in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. A Turkish soldier, armed with rifle and bayonet, stands on guard. President Booth asked him, in Arabic, why such a precaution was necessary. At first he was extremely reticent, but his Moslem pride at last asserting itself, he answered that to preserve order among the Greek, Latin and Armenian monks—not the pilgrims, he said—a guard must be stationed there. Furthermore, we learned that it had become necessary for the Turkish government to assign definite hours to each church for mass and other services, just as at Jerusalem. Not only that, but because the church here is so small, the specific places where the monks of each creed might walk had also been prescribed. Truly, as the guard said, this was anything but creditable to Christianity.

By the time we had completed our inspection of the church,

and loaded ourselves with little stars, it was eight o'clock, and we started back to Jerusalem. The air was warm and balmy, and a light wind was blowing. (In Jerusalem I had previously enquired of members of the American colony about weather conditions in Judea at Christmas time. They informed me that generally it was quite cold, that snow fell sometimes, and that shepherds did not herd their sheep at night at that time of the year.) The full moon touched everything with a silvery light, making plain the surrounding country for a long distance. At first we talked a little about the places we had just visited; but our environment was such as to stimulate meditation and revery rather than conversation, so we soon became quiet. In my mind I tried to picture the coming of that little Stranger, who was to have so potent an influence on the world, the humble surroundings of his birth, and the feelings of his parents and the wise men.

In the midst of such thoughts—we were now about a mile from Bethlehem—our carriage made a turn in the road, and there a strange sight burst upon our eyes. Standing on a hillside, in plain view in the bright moonlight, and leaning placidly on his curved staff, was a shepherd. Near by, his flock was contentedly grazing, making themselves heard only by an occasional bleating and the soft tinkle of a bell. Instantly our minds reverted back to the incident that occurred there just nineteen hundred and nine years ago that very night, when to some other shepherds, who were also “abiding in the fields, keeping their flocks by night,” an angel of the Lord appeared and announced: “Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.” Some one struck up the beautiful song:

Far, far away on Judea's plains,
Shepherds of old sang their joyous strains—
Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men!

Some of that peace we experienced that memorable evening; and of all the experiences of my visit to Palestine, I regard this little incident as the most interesting and striking.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

XVI.—Running Away From Life.

To fight life's battles one must keep close to the firing-line. Pain, sorrow, anxiety or trouble must be fought at close range. They cannot be evaded, ignored, nor deserted. We must vanquish them, or they will vanquish us. We must look them squarely in the face—and fight them to a finish. Retreat means simply deferring the battle until we are weaker—not stronger. It is running away from self—running away from life. It is as foolish as trying to dodge the atmosphere.

Thousands in the world today are running away from life to escape some mental or emotional pang. They are seeking it by the road of amusement, distraction, travel and change of scene. They seek not new wisdom to cure a wound nor new strength to bear it, but merely—some way to deaden the pain. These are in quest not of peace, but of temporary oblivion—not self-conquest, but self-forgetfulness. They are taking emotional cocaine which, like all powerful drugs, has a dangerous reaction.

The swiftest engine in the world cannot carry us away from a grief that holds our very hearts in its close, deadly pressure. No matter how rapidly the mile-stones are whizzed backward, we cannot escape the pain. It is snuggling close by our side and is eclipsing all the beauties of life and nature around us by its dull, insistent note.

The magic spell of music may carry us for a little out of

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company

ourselves, may temporarily fill our hearts with rest, calm and peace, may silence the voice of a forsaken duty or an unconquered pang of memory, but unless the music inspires us with the wine of new purpose, the vital, impelling courage to act as we should, it has been only—musical cocaine. And as we walk the streets homeward the pain starts afresh, as if the very respite had made it want to revenge itself for our forgetting.

If we could pack our worries and anxieties—those restless imps that feed on our happiness and starve our souls—in storage before we set out on a travel tour, change of scene might be of real value to us. It might be a physical upbuilding, a mental refreshing, and a moral rebirth. But if our worries are going to camp out in our stateroom at night and keep us awake to listen to what they tell us and to walk the deck with us by day—they prove to us that running away has been a vain flight—not a valourous fight.

If they loom so large before us that they shut out the view of the Alps and darken the skies of sunny Spain—why, we then realize we have not been fighting at all, but merely taking the same old play of our sorrows on a European tour where only the scenery is changed while the cast of emotions is the same.

We constantly tilt at windmills of distraction, leaving the real battle on the field of the soul—unfought. Tiring of the friends who have been near to us and whom we disqualify either because they *will* talk about our sorrow or they *will not*, we hunt up acquaintances or semi-friends of the vintage of five years ago and try Society. This is only another brand of cocaine.

We imagine, self-deceptively, that six nights a week in evening dress might of itself banish our sorrow or stifle our secret grief. But what is the use of it all if, when the evening clothes are removed, we find ourselves still in the unremoved straight-jacket of memories we would give aught in the world to escape forever? The intensified pain seems even greater as we contrast our misery with the happiness of others. How do we know that they, too, are not wearing strait-jackets?

We become nervously, morbidly over-sensitive. An innocent chance word may, in an instant, fan into flame the embers of an unconquered pain. Some simple, ordinary incident may cause the

river of a sleeping emotion to rise suddenly and almost flood the soul. By some subtle electric disturbance in the brain's central office a thousand calls of different new impressions may successively ring violently the bell of the *one* dominating memory that haunts us. Every road of our thought leads inevitably—to the Rome of our grief.

We must just drop our cocaine, stop running away from life, and fight the battle, alone if alone we must—till we rise sanctified, sweetened and strengthened—a victor on the field of seeming defeat. Each of us has his own special enemies that would take from him the—crown of his individuality.

These are the times when we must stand still for a little, get our bearings through the fumes and the smoke and—face and fight the life that is. Some say change of scene *does* lull, does sooth, does cure. No. Nature may with time help us to forget, but it is usually only putting our grief or trial to sleep if—unconquered. We are left too often with scars of morbidness, dead ideals, awful regret. We are not calmed but paralyzed—in certain emotions. We are weakened; we have lost the possible strength of a victory that would make all future pain easier to bear because of finer character, confidence, and courage.

In assaying our trouble, let us first see if it is really as great as it seems. We often listen to trifles of worry through a microphone of fear, where the footfall of a few flies is exaggerated till it sounds like the battling hoofs of a cavalry charge across a wooden bridge. There are petty cares that we should be ashamed of noticing. Some of them are no larger than a dewdrop that the heat of a few seconds' clear thinking should dissipate into nothingness. These we put under the microscope of our anxiety until a microbe seems as big as a prehistoric monster. Treat these as if they were mere mosquitoes of fate trying to annoy the Sphinx. Learn to look these troubles squarely in the eye, smile bravely, be calm, and say to them,—“You never even touched me.”

There is one great sorrow in life that carries with it a sacredness that no irreverent hand can touch lightly. It is the sacrifice we have to make on the altar of our love. Love, in some form, is the greatest thing in life—the others are understudies. The saddest hour is the loss of one we hold dear. It is bitterly hard

when the loved one still lives, but separated forever from us by misunderstanding, injustice, folly—love grown cold. There is that other loss, when the most loved passes from us into the eternal silence.

The death of love transmutes every high light of past joys into agonies of memory by comparison with present deadness. The death of the loved one, with love still strong, crowns their life together and makes past joys sweet, serene and soothing in the Holy of Holies of memory. The first gradually eclipses the memory of joys; the second, the memories of sorrows—while intensifying the sweetness of remembered happiness. In either form, it speaks our supreme sorrow, the taking of the last fortress of our courage.

There is one form of distraction that is not—running away from life. It is in seeking to be genuinely interested in the daily lives of others, in growing more unselfish, in heartening others, in standing strong by those in need, in distributing as an administrator to all humanity the estate of love that has been ours—in deeds of cheer, constancy, helpfulness, consolation, kindness and thoughtfulness.

Let us feel, in every sorrow, that there is something within us, a divine spirit that rises superior to all else in life, something imperishable, unperturbed, impregnable—something that can no more be sullied than a ray of sunlight from the heart of the sun.

Let us fight—fight with the certainty of winning a greater, bigger, finer self. We cannot always evade the darker side of life, but we can dictate the effect we will permit it to have on us. Let us fight like Jacob of old wrestling with the angel, and say, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." And the angel of grief always does bless us—if we battle aright. Somehow, somewhere, somewhen, the conquered sorrow is transformed into finer strength, broader sympathy, tested friendship, gentler tolerance, greater charity, and a truer vision of the realities of life.

If our sorrow be inevitable we must bear it bravely so that we may bear it easier. If we can get salvage of hope from the wreck of failure we are lessening the loss. Often a sacrifice of petty pride will bring back all the old happiness. Fight must

help; flight—never. Our environment is so largely the radiation of our individuality that we can never truly desert it. Running away from life is merely—a coward's useless alibi.

(The closing chapter in this series, "The Dark Valley of Prosperity," will appear in the May number of the ERA; and the first chapter of *Little Problems of Married Life*, will appear in the June number.)

Eventide.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

By the willows in the meadow, where the brooklet murmurs low,
 They had said their words of parting, words of sadness, years ago.
 "I am going, little sweetheart, to win fame and fortune fair."
 Then he kissed the pretty maiden, weeping in the morning there.

REFRAIN.

Ambition is born of the morning,
 The battle is fought in the day,
 In the twilight the wounds are attended
 And the tears are all kissed away.
 So await for the twilight, my darling,
 'Til the twilight, oh sweetheart, abide;
 For after the dawn is the day, love,
 And then comes the eventide.

Long and bravely did he struggle, for the gifts he thought so rare,
 With success he was rewarded; fame and fortune were his share.
 Then his heart grew cold and heavy, long and dreary seemed the day;
 For the dearest gift of heaven, he had lightly thrown away.

Sad and lone, at last he wandered, to the meadow o'er the lea,
 Bruised and bleeding, empty-hearted, in the twilight wandered he.
 Heaven then restored its best gift, answered was his piteous prayer,
 For he found the lovely woman, true and faithful, waiting there.

LELLA MARLER HOGGAN.

LEWISVILLE, IDAHO.

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers.

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow.

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW.

III.

In the last number of the ERA, we left the advanced company of the pioneers encamped on Locust creek, midway between the settlements on the Chariton and Grand rivers, in the early part of April, 1846, with their tents pitched in mud and snow on the creek bottoms. Continuing his journal, Erastus Snow records as follows:

Colonel Rockwood and myself rode fifteen miles to a small town at the junction of East and West Locust creek, to purchase some cows, but on our return were overtaken by a dark night in the woods, without a road, and we lost our way, and laid out without means of making a fire, and suffered much with cold before morning. From this lesson I have learned not to be caught away from camp without fireworks—flint and tinder-box.

During our stay on Locust creek, our cows, oxen, and mules did very well upon browse, but our horses failed. About the middle of April, grass began to start on the bottoms, and the season to make preparations for spring crops being already upon us, a council of all the officers of the different companies was called, and it was determined, instead of going to the settlements on Grand river, to bear northwest and strike East Fork about the line of Missouri, and there seek a location for putting in seeds. We

accordingly started on the 16th, and traveled only a few miles in a day, stopping wherever we could find either grass or browse for our teams. We took a divide on the east side of East Locust, and headed for West Locust, and struck the head waters of Medicine creek. Here we found a little better range for our stock, and, halting for a few days, burned coal, did some blacksmithing, and held meeting on the Sabbath, etc.

On Tuesday we crossed the head of Medicine creek, following, for the most part, a divide for the distance of about twenty-five miles, after which we struck a beautiful grove of timber on the east branch of the Grand river, on the 24th of April. Here we formed a camp, and resolved to make preparations for putting in spring crops, and named it Garden Grove.

The rear companies were soon up, and all united as one man enclosing a large field of some hundreds of acres, built some cabins to shelter the families and goods [of those] that should tarry. Here it rained almost every day for about two weeks, and as usual our camp-ground, though dry and healthful at first, soon became a perfect mortar bed, as all the companies were encamped in the grove, to and from which all our horses and cattle were driven daily. But the warm rain brought forward vegetation rapidly, and our teams began to thrive.

In about three weeks, the field being nearly enclosed and cabins nearly finished, it was determined in council to remove about forty miles northwest on to the middle fork of Grand river, and there commence a similar settlement, and send men to search out a road on a divide, from this place to the settlements in Iowa, which might head Medicine. Locust, Chariton and Fox rivers, and thereby open a safer and more practicable road for the balance of our emigration from Nauvoo, all of which was subsequently executed.

The second location was upon an eminence on the east side of the middle branch of Grand river. Councils were organized and presidencies appointed to regulate the affairs of the Church. In these places such families were left as, for want of sufficient teams and provisions, were unable to continue their journey. These settlements were on the tract of country owned by the Potawatamie Indians, and from thirty to fifty miles south there were settlements in Missouri from which they could obtain provisions to

sustain them until they could raise a crop. Instructions were left in these places for such as were obliged to leave Nauvoo without a sufficient outfit, to locate and sustain themselves in these places until a further door opened unto them, or until a permanent location should be found for the Church, and provisions raised to sustain them. (This second location was called Mt. Pisgah).

From Garden Grove, a brother, Joseph Phippin, who had accompanied me thus far with his team, returned to Nauvoo for his family, and on my provisions also falling short, I was under the necessity of procuring more teams and provisions, or of abandoning, for the present, the further prosecution of the journey. I accordingly directed my family to proceed to Mount Pisgah and there wait for me, and I returned to Nauvoo to endeavor, by sale of property, to procure my necessary outfit. I left Garden Grove with Brother Edmond Ellsworth on the 15th of May. We met many teams between there and Nauvoo, loaded with Saints who were upon our track. I was unable to accomplish the object for which I returned, until about the first of July. I finally succeeded, by sale of my property at about one-fourth its former value, in paying my debts and procuring two more teams and a supply of goods and provisions. I took with me my mother and a Widow Aldrich and her family, consisting of six, whom I fitted out, and started from the western bank of the Mississippi river, July 5, accompanied also by my brothers, William and Willard, and their families, and some other families of the Saints.

When we struck Fox river, we followed up the east side and bore on to Soap creek, and took the new road before mentioned and reached Pisgah the latter part of the month. I found my family anxiously waiting for my return. The Twelve, with the main body of the Saints, were then as far west as Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, building boats and preparing to cross. After a few days halt in Pisgah, we continued our journey until we reached the Missouri, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. Our road, though tolerably direct, was, nevertheless, winding and uneven. We crossed the head waters of the Nodaway, and east and west branches of the Nisnabotna, Silver, Cagg and Mosquito creeks, besides their numerous small tributaries with which the country is intersected. When we arrived at

the Bluffs, we found the Saints scattered in small camps up and down the east bank of the Missouri river and its creeks, for about twenty-five miles, building cabins, cutting hay and otherwise preparing for winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trees and Schools.

If any person should be peculiarly interested in trees, it would seem to be those who are at school, and who are especially engaged in the use of books, for the word book is the same as the old English or Anglo-Saxon word *boc*, which means a beech tree. The German word, *buch*, (book) is almost the same as *buche*, (beech); and substantially similar words are found in the Danish, Icelandic and Gothic languages, because before the invention of printing, the books of the people speaking these languages were written 'commonly on pieces of the bark or wood of the beech tree.

Then those who are studying Latin know that the word *liber* means both bark and book, which points to a similar usage. And those who have entered upon the study of the Greek language have learned that *biblos*, which means book, also means the inner bark of the papyrus plant, because the old Egyptians used to write upon its smooth and white surface. From the name of this plant again comes directly and easily our word paper, while to go back to *liber*, we have from that our word library, or a collection of books, and from *biblos* again our word Bible, or the book of books. And now our books are often literally made of the trees. Only, instead of taking chips or blocks of the beech tree to write upon, as our ancestors did, we grind the trees up into pulp, and, having spread it out into thin sheets, the printer then prints upon them lessons of geography, or arithmetic, or history, and, lo! the beech tree and other trees also come into the school room to help us in our studies. Every time, also, that we turn the leaves in

our books, we are reminded of the trees which have given us the word.

And, then, the word *academy* causes us to think of the trees, for it points us back to that celebrated school which Plato, the Greek philosopher, taught in the grove of Academus. It was a school among the trees. It was as he walked with his pupils under the branches of the trees that he taught those lessons of wisdom which have been the delight of scholars down to our own time.

Fifty, then, are the pupils in our schools invited to take part in the observance of Arbor day, and if there is any spot peculiarly appropriate for the planting of trees on such an occasion, it is that where children assemble for instruction, that thereby they may have around them the beauty and pleasantness which trees afford, and every school place may become another "grove of Academe."—U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate;
If feasting, rise; if sleeping wake, before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain, and ceaselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return—no more.

JOHN J. INGALLS, Kansas.

But, young man, do not rest too securely on the idea that opportunity knocks but once; rather believe the song which breathes the

spell of inspiration, teaches divine truth, and bids you watch and hope again:

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To banished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say "I can,"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

JUDGE WALTER MALONE, Memphis.

Motherhood.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

The link that bound my spirit to its clay,
Half broken, rested in the palm of God.
Through sufferings so great I sank—and lay—
It seemed that earth for me had no more day;
My feet press nevermore its flints of gray;
The very memory of it slid away.
My ego floated far on sunset ray—

Prone, the abandoned, almost pulseless clod.

When lo! from earth-bound solitudes, *a cry*,
So piercing sweet, I knew my heaven was there!
My baby's voice could draw me from the sky,
His tiny arms arrest my flight on high,
And roseleaf touches claim their lullaby.
Raised from the lethargy of death, I sigh
My feeble life-plea. God will not deny
When offered with its double meed of prayer.

Soft, fragrant breaths fan, pulsing on my hair,
My pallid cheek grows warm with life's red wine;
And stiffened lips essay to voice a prayer
Of praise. O heart so fully free from care!
O feet so light that I could tread on air!
(Dear angels hover close my bliss to share).
Child of the Covenant, in my arms I bear
The world triumphant, when mine eyes meet thine.

O orbs divine! so clear, and yet so deep;
So full of light, yet so inscrutable;
O pools of living color, warmth and sleep—
How all my pulses to thy gaze do leap!
Mystic, half-memories through thy glances creep,
My heritage from God, to have and keep.

My pain's forgot—'tis rapture makes me weep,
My Babe, my gift from source immutable!

Roll from my cheek, thou tear! No briefest space
Would I be blinded to my present bliss;
My pinnacle of womanhood—the grace
Which shone with motherhood on Mary's face.
Close may I hold thee but a little space,
My man-child, God will want thee, take thy place,
And in his name perpetuate the race,—but now,
Drink love of me with mother's milk and kiss.

Slumber, my baby, through the velvet span
Of dewy night, to meet thy first sweet dawn.
I, steeped in reverie, review the plan
Formed by the Gods who first created man.
And, thinking, sleep; and, sleeping, dream that we,
In clouds of pearl and amber seem to see
The Christ-child cradled on his mother's knee.
He calls to us—we kneel in ecstasy!
Then look again—the forms are gone.

The Angel of His Presence stands between,
White stones in silver bows, are in his hand.
Behind him, shimmering as a vale to screen,
A glory of reflected light is seen
From Zenith to the far horizon's sheen.
He turns on us a look both kind and keen;
Smiles as I clasp you to my heart and lean
To look through seer-stones into future lands.

Trembling, I peer down the dim aisle of years—
The narrow path shows rugged in the gloom.
The Man of Sorrows far ahead appears,—
Ofttimes the glow around him warms and cheers,
And lifts the pall of untried, nameless fears.
We gather for him flowers washed by tears.
Close to the shore we hear vast surges boom;—
Far off, a Land of Rest faint stars illumine.

And then One Star, in the o'er-arching dome,
 Glitters adown the waste of waters wild;
 Reflects its radiance in the crested comb;
 Showers broken diamond flashes 'mid the foam;
 Our Star of Bethlehem, Celestial Home!
 Beneath its rays, to us serene and mild,
 In quivering brightness, pure and undefiled,
 Walk hand in hand, young mother and young child.

And still I gaze. Years pass. Joy, grief and change:
 Mother and child no more together play
 With leaves of grass and bubbles. In a way
 We have changed places, and his noon of day
 Finds sown in me earth-symptoms of decay.
 My strong young shoulders, all too willingly,
 Have borne their burden. Bittersweet and strange
 To lean where I have led. And the wide range

Of deep devotion, unremitting care,
 Of passionate protection, lavished free
 Upon my offspring, now returns to me.
 Mature in years, more understandingly,
 My love, unselfish, symbols Deity.
 Darling, your eyes are holden, but *I see*;
 Forgiven, sleep I through Gethsemane
 Alone, as God intended it to be. . . .
 Vibrant to thousands is his "Follow me."

Soft, angel-fingers swift my eyelids press—
 My dream is broken. Dawn, like a caress,
 Mounts high and bright, a new-born babe to bless.
 We wake to meet its ambient tenderness.

Christ reigns in Heaven; yet, just today he seems
 For thy sake, baby mine, sweet Mary's Boy,
 Tiny and flawless dimpling in his dreams;
 Celestial aura softly round him gleams;
 In Mary's eye a pensive gladness beams.
 O life—O grave—O mysteries unsolved—

O destiny, with Mary's Child involved—

O depth of mother-grief, and heights of joy!

Cherub of mine, when manhood's mantle falls

Upon thy shoulders, and thy smooth, white brow
Furrows with thought and care—when Jesus calls,

“Brother, take up thy burden for my sake,

To earth-life opportunities awake!

Use thou thy talents, and thy record make,

I love thee, and would share with thee my all.”

Will you then hear his voice and heed his call?

Could I but know you will be true and brave,

Hold fast the anchor that his woe has won,

And realize his priceless life he gave

That we be parted not beyond the grave—

So meek to suffer, and so great to save—

'Tis love of him and love for me I crave, . . .

When the last thread of grass-and-gold be spun,

Last service rendered, and new life begun.

Beyond the reaches of the setting sun—

Were I enthroned, 'mid stars above the blue,

My loving heart were calling, calling you,

Till you cry, Mother! and I answer, Son!

'Tis not on couch of roses, but your breast,

With all its filial fervor to be pressed,

Would I account myself supremely blest;

Could I forget earth's agony—and rest.

Nor could I face thee, Lord, without my gift

Had doubled to thy glory; nor could stand

By loved ones gone before, with empty hand,

Had I proved recreant, on my brow the brand

Of an unfaithful mother. Could all Heaven

Fill empty arms that lost the Treasure given

Through mine own folly? Even though forgiven,

Where is my glory? Heaven were not for me

Could I not add, and share, and say, with Thee,—

Surrounded by Thy flock for God to see:—

“LO, THESE ARE THEY WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME!”

SARAH E. HAWLEY PEARSON.

The Book of Mormon Originally Written in Hieroglyphics.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

II.

Returning to the leading line of thought, all the circumstances of the case as we have reviewed them, show that when Nephi began to record the history of his people, his knowledge of the necessary symbolical forms was limited. New forms, whether of the reformed or of the unreformed order, had to be devised as the writing progressed, and new subjects came to hand for treatment. Under these conditions, a beginner in the extremely difficult work of engraving hieroglyphics on metal, should leave some traces here and there of his lack of skill and general efficiency. Signs of this character easily discernible in the Book of Mormon text will soon be noticed. But before occupying our attention with them, it is advisable to illustrate what is meant by hieroglyphical writing, in order that younger readers may be better prepared to appreciate the merits of the case.

Blair, in his *Rhetoric*, University Edition, Lecture VII, says:

According to the properties which they (the Egyptians) ascribed to or the qualities with which they supposed natural objects to be endowed, they pitched upon them to be the emblems, or hieroglyphics, of moral objects; and employed them in their writing for that end. Thus ingratitude was denominated by a viper; imprudence by a fly; wisdom by an ant; victory by a hawk; a dutiful child by a stork; a man universally shunned by an eel, which they supposed to be found in company with no other fish. Sometimes they joined together two or more of these hieroglyphical characters; as a serpent with a hawk's head to denote nature, with God presiding over it.

These examples are Egyptian, and are not given as illustrative of the "reformed" Egyptian system used by the Nephites. They give us, however, an idea of the unusual difficulties which must be met and overcome when one is writing according to a system based on the Egyptian. The number of different characters required by such a method was certainly quite large; and the labor and patience necessary in order to picture them properly and neatly when engraved on metal plates, can scarcely be appreciated by people who use a simple alphabetic system. Mistakes could not be corrected easily, and we may be sure that new forms would not be multiplied needlessly by beginners. Few ordinary mortals could remember the particular outlines of more than a comparatively small number of them, and hence constant reference to the key for the proper character to be used, would have to be made—a labor involving much loss of time and tests of patience.

Coming now to the evidence found in the text of Nephi's writings, (I Nephi and II Nephi) that these books were not written in the native language of their author, we notice how he clings persistently to some symbol, or word combination, with which he became familiar soon after he began to write his records. The first example which shall be submitted is the phrase, "the things which." This is used once in I Nephi 1: 6, and again in verse 7; three times in 1: 16, and twice in 2: 1; and often in the next few chapters. Now, the compound relative "what" could be substituted generally in these examples; but not until we come to I Nephi 15: 17 do we find that the compounded form has been devised and used. "Exceeding" and "exceedingly" supply other examples. "Exceeding" occurs in Nephi's first book in 2: 16; 3: 8, 14, 25; 4: 9; 5: 1; 7: 16; 8: 12, 23, 27; etc. "Exceedingly" in 1: 6; 4: 28; 5: 9; 8: 4, 36; etc. Now, without any material modification of the sense of either of these words, in most of these examples, or, perhaps, in all of them, and in others which can readily be found in the two books already mentioned, could be substituted by "very" alone or in phrase combination, but this word used as an adverbial modifier we fail to find until near the close of Nephi's second book. "Very," adjectively used, occurs in I Nephi 14: 1; 15: 14, 17; 19: 7; and adverbially in II Nephi 27: 28—there forming part of a quotation from Isaiah 29: 17.

The omission of this word from the first portion of the text of the Book of Mormon is certainly rather significant, in view of the fact that modern English authors use "very" as an adverb quite frequently in their productions; and the advisability or advantage of rejecting its use could hardly suggest itself to Joseph Smith or Sidney Rigdon as the authors of an alleged imposture. These last remarks apply also to the word "quite," which does not occur in the first half of the Book of Mormon, unless it is found in the quotation from Isaiah. "Quite" is a term in daily use among English speaking people, and what plausible reason can be assigned for its general, perhaps total, exclusion from an alleged literary production by American authors? It would often serve quite well instead of "exceeding." There is to be added to these words of common occurrence in English literature, the term "just" in combinations such as "just now," "just come," etc., which the first Nephi does not use at all, and it may not occur in the Book of Mormon anywhere. "Guess"* is a word that Joseph Smith, a native of Vermont, might be expected to use frequently; but it does not occur in the first half of the book in view, and it is a pretty question whether it is found in any of the inspired word of God to this Church; for he never makes a guess, as mortals so often do. The list of common, but excluded words, is closed for the present with "namely." We fail to find it in the Nephite records, as an original term.

The elimination so largely of these common English words from the Book of Mormon vocabulary, is fairly conclusive evidence that no modern author wrote that book originally, and it is remarkable to what an extent Joseph Smith, as the inspired modern translator of ancient records, was restrained from using them. He certainly must have been familiar with them all.

The claim that the words just referred to do not occur in the Book of Mormon as stated, must be accepted as being simply the result of conscientious labor to ascertain the truth in the matter. If any mistake has been made, I am not aware of it.

Proceeding once more with citations from Nephi's writings,

* Helaman 16:16 is the only place in the Book of Mormon, so far as is known, where the word occurs, and there in the past tense.—Ed.

it is observed that the expression, "And it came to pass," is of monotonous occurrence in the first chapters of his first book; but turning to II Nephi, chapter 1, we find that it has been almost wholly discarded—occurring in that section only once; and other chapters can readily be found wherein the change is very manifest. "Being overcome with the Spirit," is a portion of the text in I Nephi 1: 7. It is repeated in verse 8. "Depart into the wilderness," is a reading in I Nephi 2: 2; and "Departed into the wilderness" occurs twice in verse 4. "Down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah" is found in I Nephi 5: 12, and again in the following verse. "After the manner of," and "It must needs be," are other familiar examples. These illustrations will be closed with a few additional references, as follows—all from the first book of Nephi:

	FIRST USE.	SECOND USE.
Learning	Nephi 1: 1	Nephi 1: 2
Language.....	" 1: 2	" 1: 2
Knowledge.....	" 1: 1	" 1: 3
My days.	" 1: 1	" 1: 1
Record	" 1: 1	" 1: 2
Dwelt.....	" 1: 4	" 1: 6
Saw and heard.....	" 1: 6	" 1: 6
The Lord hath commanded me that thou and thy.....	" 3: 2	" 3: 4
Went forth.....	" 1: 5	" 1: 11
Carried away.....	" 1: 8	" 1: 13
Marvelous	" 1: 14	" 1: 14
He hath written many things.....	" 1: 16	" 1: 16
Concerning.....	" 1: 18	" 1: 18
Testified... ..	" 1: 19	" 1: 19
Make a full account.....	" 1: 16	" 1: 16

In some cases we find a word or a phrase was used three, or perhaps four or more times within the compass of a few verses, as, for instance, "partake" in 8: 11, 12, 15, 16, 17.

This characteristic of repeating, within a brief space, terms once used, is observable in most parts of the Book of Mormon, but is particularly noticeable in the first sections of that work. Now, upon what hypothesis can we most reasonably account for these peculiarities?

The frequent repetition of the same words and phrases, and a general sameness in forms for expressing thought, are common verities among uneducated people. But while this is true respecting those in general who are unschooled, it is equally true that those who are learning a *foreign* language, find themselves in identical straits as to the use of terms at the beginning of their studies. From this latter point of view, it is as evident as the light of day, that the repetition of words, phrases, etc., and no great variation in style in the Book of Mormon, is precisely what we should expect to find in the production of any person who was writing in difficult symbols with which he was not perfectly familiar. Attention has already been called to the probable extent of Nephi's knowledge of hieroglyphical forms, and his lack of practice in writing them, and under such circumstances it was only natural that he should, after having, for example, engraved the hieroglyphic for knowledge, copy it, (since it was in sight) a second or a third time, if it would at all serve his purpose. He could copy the form before him with much less labor than he could devise a new one, or search out a substitute from the key.

His increasing proficiency as he progressed with his work, is discernible from the contrast that exists between the first and the latter portions of it. An illustration in point has heretofore been cited.

Other writers of other sections of the Book of Mormon would, for similar reasons, copy, to a greater or less extent, the hieroglyphics which had just been engraved by them on the plates. It is not claimed that this line of argument is sufficient to demonstrate that the Book of Mormon was written originally in symbolic characters; but who can reasonably deny that repetitions would naturally occur in writing a record of the size and character of that contained in the work just named, by the use of multiplied and doubtless many complex forms with which the author or authors could not so perfectly familiarize themselves, as it is possible to do with an alphabetical system, containing only a few simple forms. The characteristics under consideration stand, therefore, as a consistency of great value to sustain Joseph Smith's statement that the original records of the Book of Mormon were written in hieroglyphics. If they did not occur in it, long ago some of his enemies would doubtless have wanted to know how Nephi, a young

man who apparently had few opportunities for studying a foreign system of hieroglyphical writing, could, nevertheless, write fluently by such a method from the very beginning of his work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNOWFLAKE, ARIZ.

The Man Who Follows the Plow.

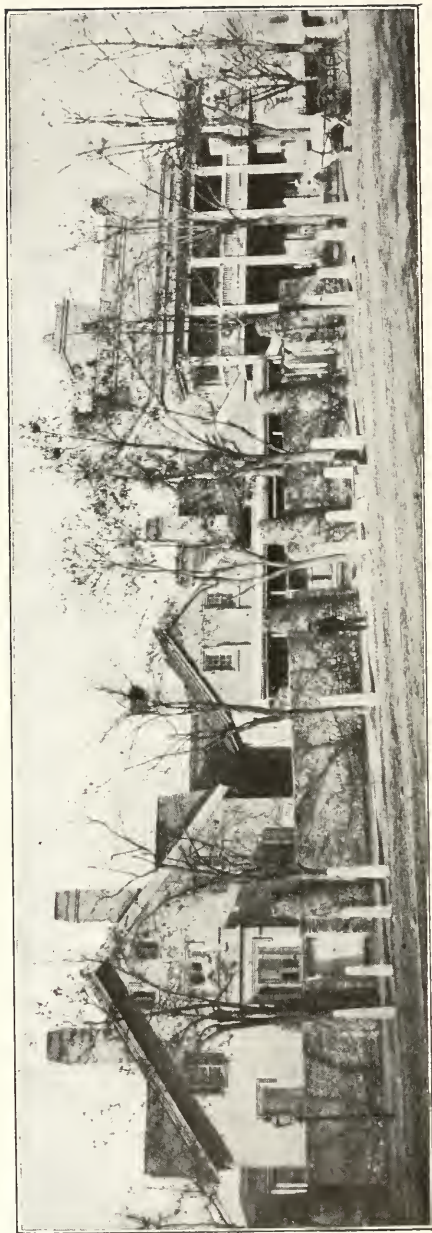
I'm not so much at singin' as you high, kaflutin' chaps,
My voice it may be husky, and a little rough, perhaps;
But I have been a plowin' with a lazy team, you see,
And it keeps me pretty busy with my "Get-up, whoa-haw, gee!"
But, if you'll pay attention, I have a word to say,
About the great mistakes you make, and do it every day,
In dealing out your praises, and I want to tell you now,
Too often you forget the man who walks behind the plow.

REFRAIN:

You may talk about your learned men, with their wit and wisdom rare,
Your painters and your poets, they get praises everywhere;
It's well enough to make a show, but will you tell me how
This world could ever do without the man who follows the plow?

'Tis well enough to go to school, to learn to read and write;
It's easier still to dress up fine, and sport around all night.
Your music, paintin' and poetry may all be hard to beat,
But tell me, what you're going to do for something good to eat?
You say my boots are muddy, and my clothing it is coarse;
That I'd make a good companion for the oxen or the horse.
My face is red, my hands are hard, of course, I will allow,
But do not be so quick to spurn the man who follows the plow.

I like your great inventions, I'm glad you're getting smart;
I like to hear your music, for it kinder stirs my heart;
But it will never stir the stomach of any hungry man;
So let me call your attention to the sort of a thing that can.
Now, boys, don't be so anxious to leave the good old farm;
Your father's strength is failing, soon he'll need your youthful arm.
If you're honest in your purpose, at your feet the world will bow,
For the greatest of the great men, Abraham Lincoln, was a man
who steered the plow.—SELECTED BY HAROLD C. KIMBALL.



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE.

The "Lion" and "Beehive" Houses, and President's Office in the center. One of the familiar and historical sights of Salt Lake City. Since this photo was taken, the stone wall has been supplanted by a modern fence, and other improvements have been made. President Joseph F. Smith occupies the "Beehive" house to the right; the "Lion" house to the left is used by the Latter-day Saints' University, and the central building is still occupied by the offices of the First Presidency of the Church.

President Brigham Young's Excursion Party.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

IV.

When the company arrived at the Sevier river, near the place where Captain Gunnison and party were massacred in 1854, they met a large company of cavalry from Sanpete valley who had come as guards prepared to escort them through the rough, hilly country. They reached Manti on the morning of September 26, 1864. A strong guard having accompanied them all the way from Fillmore. Many "Minute men" were scouring the country in every direction in search of hostile Indians, and the excitement was at a high pitch.



RICHARD J. TAYLOR.

Meetings were held at Manti in the morning and afternoon. The speakers were John T. Caine, David O. Calder, Lewis Robinson, Hamilton G. Park, and Leonard Rice, who was President Young's teamster. A grand ball and banquet were given at night, but the majority of the company went to rest early, preparatory to three days hard journey before them.

On the following day the party visited nearly every settlement of consequence in



H. S. YOUNG.

Sanpete valley, arriving at Mount Pleasant just in time to sit down to a public supper. This event caused more merriment than



ELLA YOUNG EMPEY.

any one thing that had happened during the whole trip. After the company was comfortably seated at the table, and the blessing had been asked, a concealed string band began playing the "Highland Fling" with considerable vim. This undreamed of occurrence caused quite a stir among the hungry excursionists. However, they soon caught the spirit of the joke, and began to keep time with the music, as they partook of the good things before them. To add fuel to the fire of fun that was already raging,

that wide-awake Scandinavian band turned loose on the "Sailor's Hornpipe" with full head on. This was crowding things beyond human endurance, and to give vent to the occasion, Sarah Alexander, the noted ballet dancer, scarcely through with her dinner, lightly tripped into the middle of the floor and danced as graceful a hornpipe as was ever witnessed in Sanpete county. The younger members of the party were not slow in following, and then the fun began in earnest. From the Phil Margetts end of the room could be heard, above the deafening din, a song for the occasion, in the chorus of which everybody joined. The dance and feasting went on until everybody was satisfied, when President Young, who probably was the silent originator of this amusing affair, took his lady by the hand and went marching out of the room, keeping time to the music as he went. His good-natured company went dancing along behind him with smiles that



SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.



JAS. T. LITTLE.

lingered long after they reached home. The kidnapped brass band played "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," "In Dixey Land We'll Take Our Stand," and several other soul-stirring airs; then bade farewell to their traveling companions and returned home *via* Salt Creek canyon. They were as jolly a lot of fellows as ever lived, and did more than their share towards making President Brigham Young's excursion party a grand success.

Here let me present a letter from H. F. McCune, one of the three surviving members of the band, dated Ogden January 2, 1911:

DEAR BROTHER:—I am very pleased with your article in the January, 1911, number of the ERA, entitled, "President Brigham Young's Excursion Party," more especially as I was one of the party, being a member of the Nephi brass band, or the kidnapped brass band, as you are pleased to term it; and thinking you would like to have a roster of that band for publication, as you have of the main body of the party, I herewith give you our names, and the instrumental list: John S. Hawkins, captain, clarinet; Henry F. McCune, piccolo; William Worwood, cornet; Gustave Henriod, cornet; Thomas Midgley, ophicleide; James B. Darton, slide trombone; John Andrus, slide trombone; Henry Henriod, snare drum; Charles Sperry, bass drum; and Israel Hoyt, teamster.

Seven of the above members formed an excellent orchestra, which played for all the parties during the trip. It consisted of three violins, clarinet, piccolo, cornet and bass, Charles Sperry being the leader, with George Wardle, prompter. There are but three of that brass band now living; namely, Charles Sperry, of Nephi; William Worwood, of Bozeman, Montana; and myself, of Ogden.

With kindest regards, and best wishes for a prosperous new year, I remain your brother, etc.,

H. F. McCune.

The company arrived at North Bend, the last settlement in



JOHN S. HAWKINS.

the valley about dark. There were but few houses here, hence nearly all the men slept wherever they could find shelter from the storm that raged all night.



OSCAR B. YOUNG.

The next morning at daybreak the party made another start. By this time it resembled more a military expedition than a pleasure party. There were four hundred and seventeen men in line, three hundred and seventy-seven of whom were mounted on good horses, and "armed to the teeth," as the saying goes. Spanish Fork canyon, through which they were about to pass, was where the hostile Utes would naturally have attacked the president's party, hence so many armed men.

The company arrived at Springville, at 6:30 a. m., and drove home the next

day, a distance of sixty miles. When they arrived at Gardner's mill, on Big Cottonwood, they met Presidents Heber C. Kimball and Daniel H. Wells at the forefront of the finest turnout that ever greeted a "Mormon" presidential party. It seemed as if all the people in Salt Lake county were in line: companies of cavalry, state officers, county officials. There were the city fathers, brass and martial bands, private citizens, and everybody who could muster an outfit. And how they made the dust fly from then on until they reached President Young's residence on Brigham street, at just 5:15 o'clock p. m. Here the company disbanded, going to their several places of abode, congratulating themselves that they had enjoyed the time of their lives.



GEORGE D. WATT.



CHARITON JACOBS.

The following is a concise statement of the main points of

the trip as dictated, to Reporter Watt, by President Brigham Young, on his return home:

September 1, 1864, at 9:45 o'clock a. m., the president's party left Great Salt Lake City to visit the southern settlements. We were absent from home twenty-nine days, traveled upwards of eight hundred miles, visited thirty-seven settlements, held thirty-nine meetings, and delivered one hundred and twenty-four discourses. There was no formal organization in traveling. Ever person knew his place and duty. Not a murmur of discontent, unhappiness or fault-finding occurred to ruffle the continued peace that prevailed throughout the whole journey.



ELVIRA F. KIMBALL.

The teachings were rich in counsel, and, if observed, will bring to the Saints spiritual as well as temporal salvation. The Holy Spirit was enjoyed by every honest heart, which greatly strengthened them in their faith. The receptions given the president's party, evidenced the universal confidence and good will of the Saints throughout the southern part of the territory. The visit was made a time of public feasting and rejoicing. The school children were out, headed by their teachers, giving their joyous bows of welcome as we passed. Young men and maidens said, "Welcome, President Young and company." The stalwart farmers, mechanics and lumber-men ceased for a time their labors, to join in the general rejoicing and merrymaking. Even the aged veterans bared their silvered heads in token of welcome and respect. Companies of horsemen and bands of music, with colors flying, came out to greet us. In some instances platoons of handsome young ladies, all dressed in white, met the company and escorted it to their homes.



SEYMOUR B. YOUNG.

It would be no easy task to say too much in praise of the brethren who composed the Salt Creek brass band. They were ready on all occa-

sions to awaken the beautiful strains of music, to the comfort of both man and beast. It formed an important part of the company, and they will be held in grateful remembrance by those who were inspired by their sweet music.

The land where the water was not, and the soil barren, is now a land of flourishing cities, farms, orchards, gardens, and fragrant flower-beds. The company was regaled with melons and fruit of many varieties. Wheat and corn in abundance are produced on the rim of the "Great Basin." Wherever the Saints have settled, God has healed the waters and blessed the land.

It was said anciently, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."

This has been verified before our eyes on this trip. When the company descended to the settlements south of the "Rim," they feasted upon the fruits of the vine. The cotton plant was exposing its fiber to the busy fingers of the gatherers, and every person seemed alive in the work of improvement and self-preservation. May the heavenly impressions received during this trip South never be effaced from the minds of the participants.—GEORGE D. WATT, Reporter.

(THE END.)

Earthly Mission.

"We believe that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory."

O never forget thou art part of the plan
 To exalt, to bring joy, and to glorify man.
 Thou wert chosen and called when the stars on high sang,
 And when with hosannas the courts above rang.
 And if thou art mangled and spit upon, torn,
 Beaten with stripes, or crowned with the thorn,
 Rejoice, O thou martyr, anointed and brave;
 Thou art filling the mission the Lord himself gave.
 Oh, be like an angel, all splendid and white,
 With a pure, inner radiance—the soul's flaming light;
 Thy sorrows bear bravely, and never give pain—
 Then earth shall receive its old glory again.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

The Changeless Basis for a Grateful Heart.

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
UTAH.

This is the time of the year when our hearts should naturally go out with love for all men. This is the time of the year when the mission of love and self-sacrifice of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ comes most vividly to our minds. When we realize that one of the great results of Christ's teachings will be the "universal brotherhood of man," we begin to see what Jesus did for us. When we comprehend that Jesus died for us, that through him we are saved from the sins of Adam, we have still greater cause for expressions of love and of a grateful heart.

Anyone can feel cheerful when all things seem to be working for his own personal prosperity and advancement. He has a glow of creature comfort—as the cat has when it purrs so loudly in its little mistress' lap, that the sound is mistaken for an expression of love—and he may mistake his sensuous satisfaction for a spirit of gratitude to God. But the selfish and sensuous feeling of comfort is not a spiritual gratitude, and it will not be apt to abide in such conditions after the material causes of it have dissolved and departed. Anyone may feel gratified, if not grateful, when things seem all to be coming his way, but this is not the real gratitude to which we are invited and urged in the word of God.

We, undoubtedly, have unnumbered and innumerable causes for gratitude to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, who crowns our lives with loving kindness and tender mercies. In every department of our lives, we are enriched by his good and gracious gifts. Material blessings come to us daily in his provi-

dence, and he crowns the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness. Physical health and comforts, which we enjoy, and of which so many are deprived, call for gratitude and thanksgiving. Material blessings, which enrich and adorn our lives, call for grateful appreciation and regard. Social and family joys in the sweet and precious relationship of home life and friendship's ties, should awaken us to pure and exalted love for God, the Giver. The blessings of national liberty and peace and prosperity should arouse us to grateful and reverent obedience to the Great God of Nations.

But what if all these were lacking? What if we should lose health, riches and friends, and should be stripped bare as was Job? Would we still maintain our steadfastness? or would we give up our faith and hope and comfort, in the despairful wail that all these things are against us, that there is nothing left to live for, and that we shall finish our days in gloom and despair? Are we to allow our spiritual state to be governed by our material circumstances? Shall we purr in contentment when all is pleasant, and mourn and despair in the day of adversity? If so, how much better and higher is our life than that of a mere animal?

What we want and need is such a life and such a relationship with God, through Jesus Christ, that whatever may come and whatever may go of material comfort, we shall, like Paul, be moved by none of these things, but shall have within our souls that changeless element of serene faith and gratitude that will make all life full of gladness, even in hours of darkness and days of sorrow. We want that sense of fellowship and covenant with our Lord that shall make faith triumphant, in the assurance that all things are working together for our good, if we are the children of God.

Our spirit of love must not be conditioned by the number of earthly blessings we enjoy and possess, but by the invariable fact of the gracious love and redemptive goodness of God in Jesus Christ. If we have him, we have all things. Nothing in coming to us or in going from us can separate us from the love of God. Abiding in him, we are rich. Possessed of him, we are glad. In this life nothing else or less is greatly to be considered.

It was in this serene and jubilant spirit that Habakkuk could say: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall the

fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." He who can thus speak from the heart, enters into the very secret depths and heights of the spirit of love, and has Christmas day, the birth of Jesus, for every day of the year.

LOGAN, UTAH.

Get a Rake.

I knew a farmer once, in the good old days of yore,
Who never rested, day or night, till the haying time was o'er.
When all his precious clover crop lay curing on the ground,
He'd say, "Now, Johnnie, get a rake and scratch around."

When you hear the bluebirds sing, and the ground is free from snow,
And the sun shines bright and warm, and the southern breezes blow;
If your yard wants cleaning up, and sticks and stones abound,
Do like Johnnie, get a rake and scratch around.

When you've overworked your brain, and the whole world seems awry,
When life's a knotty problem, whichever way you try;
When you're almost worsted, wrestling with a question too profound,
Go outdoors and get a rake and scratch around.

When your neighborhood gets stagnant, and there's nothing doing there,
Except what always has been, and the people do not care;
If to make an innovation you feel in duty bound,
Don't hesitate to get a rake and scratch around.

—*Farm Journal.*

West with the Ships of Hagoth.

BY ELIZABETH RACHEL CANNON.

The man fought with the waves, throwing out his white arms ever more feebly. At times it seemed that he must give up,



and under would go the black head, only to reappear again a little nearer the shore, with eyes bent on those smiling, white sands that seemed to mock in derision. Hawai was half defeated by famine before he began the battle. One of the survivors in the storm-tossed bark, he had seen two of his companions drown before his eyes, when the craft was dashed to pieces on the rocks. That sight had cost what strength yet remained in his exhausted

body, for, presently, where his friends had gone down, he caught a glimpse of the glittering belly of a shark.

Remembering that he had been the best swimmer of the Panama coast, he struck out with renewed courage, although his limbs were numb, his arms had lost all sense of feeling, and his face was purple. Dazzled by the sunlight, the coast seemed ever further away, so he shut his eyes and floundered blindly on. When he reached the cove, the tide pushed him gently in, and the sea-foam billowed around him like a bed of down. When he reached the beach, half senseless, he sank gently down like a tired child,

but the greedy waves would fain suck him back, so he crawled higher up, digging his nails into the sand, and tearing his hands till the blood came, but he gave no heed to that. He could go no further, his brain reeled, he sank into the oblivion of exhaustion.

Pallid of aspect and slender of form, he lay like a withered lily on the strand. How long he was in this damp trance he knew not, for the day was as the night to his congealing blood and dim senses.

With throbbing pulse and aching limbs he came back to consciousness. As he opened his eyes, he looked into the black eyes of a girl, whose face bent so low over him that her breath fanned his cheek. As she chafed his chilled arms, he felt the warmth of life slowly returning. She raised his faint head and poured water through his blue lips. Soft hands smoothed the black curls from his death-like forehead, and wrung his damp locks. The sun came up and warmed him into feeling. Loa, the girl who had found him on the beach, did not explain that she had tried for hours to make a fire by striking a knife with flint, as she had seen the men do. Failing in this, she threw her mantle over the slender frame, pillowed his head in her lap, and waited for the day.

Straining every muscle of her lithe, young body, she dragged him to the protecting shelter of a cove. There, with the juice of shell-fish, breadfruit, and wild strawberries from the woods, she slowly nursed him back to life. She dared not leave him very long, as she, unlike the original Eve, was afraid of the snakes that haunted the jungle. The space around the cave was bare, but, in the midst of some foraying expedition, Loa would have a vision of a white body coiled around by a green snake, and, seized with terror, would race back to the cave, only to find her charge a little stronger and more roguish than ever. Gradually the color crept back into his alabaster cheek, for Hawai was young.

As soon as he was able, he took over his share of the house-keeping duties. One of the first things he did was to go to work with the flint. He made the sparks fly, and finally succeeded in getting fire. That night they had broiled fish for supper, and around the genial blaze they looked into each other's faces in the flickering light, half understandingly, half expectantly.

She approved of the poise of his head upon his bare shoulders,

and he watched the firelight play on her expressive features and illumine the gold of her hair, that fell all around her like a voluminous mantle.

"Are you the princess of this island, or Mother Eve in the Garden of Eden?" he asked quizzically.

"Neither, but a poor, ship-wrecked mariner like yourself."

He stared. "Did *you* come in one of the ships of Hagoth?" She inclined her head.

"But the others? Where are the others from your boat?"

"The same place that your companions are, I'm afraid. There was a body washed upon the shore down there, and when I first found you, I thought you were like it,—dead!"

"Must have been Shem or Mirror. We'll go down and take a look at it."

The woman shuddered. "I believe I'd rather stay here by the fire."

"Poor little girl! So you are all alone, and have had to care for a lugger like me."

"I was alone—until I found you. That helped me, I had something to do besides think about myself."

"How long were you—alone?"

"Two days."

"And during that time you found no signs of life? There are no people living here?"

"No, I saw no evidence whatever. I was afraid to go very far inland, so stayed mostly on the beach, but I have a feeling that there is no one alive on this island except you and me."

"How do you know it is an island?" quickly.

"Because I have seen it melt into the haze of the sea on three sides, and I imagine if we climb that peak over there that we could see the blue water on the other side."

"Nonsense! There may be big cities in there. When we are better able we will reconnoiter a little. How was it that you, a girl, of all your crew was saved?" he asked curiously.

"I do not know. When the boat began to fill, and it was only a question of a few moments before it would sink, my father lashed me to a large, flat board. As an afterthought, he took out his big knife and fastened it at my waist. 'If you should be

saved, you can cut yourself loose,' he explained, while his hand shook. We could see the blue outline of the land over here, and there was a chance that some of us might reach it. After that the hulk settled, and I felt a cold wave sweep over my limbs, and then I was strangling with the salt water in my nose and throat. I was churned around, and then the plank righted itself, with me on top. When the salt water got out of my smarting eyes sufficient for me to see, I noticed that the ship was gone, with most of the passengers, only a few were floundering around like me. Nowhere could I see my father, and though I called, no one answered. I could see one man clinging to a cask that bobbed around, and the black head of another would appear, only to be submerged again. That swimmer fought hard, but he stayed under longer each time, till at last he went down and did not come up again. After that the storm broke, and the rain lashed us in sheets. I could see nothing, but the cool water was grateful to my parched throat. Something was singing in my ears, and then I must have fainted, for I knew no more until I found myself lying high and dry here on the beach, scorching under a tropical sun. Its rays warmed me back to life, and then I felt for my father's knife. It was still there, and with it I cut myself free, rose to my tottering feet and looked around. The place was pretty enough, with its white sand and glittering sea. I made my way over to some cocoanut palms and found a fresh water stream, that emptied into a little cove. I drank deeply, and bathed my hot forehead in its cool depths. Then I walked along the beach to see if any others had been saved." She hesitated.

"You found—?"

"Two corpses. When I saw that they were quite dead I went up to the jungle, but a wailing cry, like a soul in purgatory, issued from the trees. I went back to the beach, but the bodies were gone."

Hawai jumped.

"I did not know what to do, so I crawled into the cave. Then I was afraid of snakes. I have since found out that the cries in the woods were made by the little monkeys. I do not know who carried off the bodies."

"Probably washed out by the tide," he reassured her.

"I think not," she continued slowly. "The next day was worse—when I realized that I was alone. I should have died if I had not found you. My only fear, when I saw you lying so white and still on the sand, was that you, like the others, were dead." She caught her breath with a little gasp.

He reached over and impulsively touched her hand.

"Poor little girl! You came up out of the sea and saved my life."

"I don't know what I should have done if you had eaten very much," she explained, half tearfully. "I could only gather the poor cocoanuts off the ground; but when you are strong you can climb the trees and get fresh ones. The bananas were hard to get, and there was strange fruit I was afraid to try, for fear it might poison you. See, we shall have eggs for breakfast. They are quite good."

She poked one out from among the ashes where they were roasting.

"Did you lose any other relatives besides your father on the boat?" he asked suddenly.

She shook her head sadly. "No."

"Then you were not married?"

"No; only betrothed."

His brow darkened. "Was he, to whom you were betrothed, drowned?"

"I think so." But the look of pain which flitted across her face when he spoke of her father did not return. "It was this way: when we embarked in one of the ships of Hagoth to seek new homes in a foreign land, my father, being old, made me promise to marry Isar, when we reached the new country. I agreed, for Isar was a good man and would take care of me, though I did not love him, or even know him very well."

Hawai looked relieved, and his eyes glowed as they rested on her.

"You have my story, but you have not told me yours," she burst out.

"Mine is similar to yours. I sailed on another ship of Hagoth's, only we floundered around in the waste of waters in search of land for so long, that all the crew except three died of famine

before she foundered." He dismissed the subject with a shrug of the shoulders, as if unwilling to fill the night with further horrors.

"You must sleep now, and gain some rest, for tomorrow we go on a foraying expedition," he added with gentle raillery.

Loa's eyelids were already drooping, and, soothed with the grateful warmth, she lay down and was soon fast asleep. Hawai piled dry brush on the camp fire until it roared and crackled, and then, like a sentinel on guard, he sat looking moodily into the blaze for hours.

The day dawned auspiciously, and Loa led Hawai down toward the place where she had seen his companions lying. Suddenly she drew back with a little cry. At the exact spot where the mariner had lain, reclined an immense devil fish, with its tentacles wrapped around something. Hawai watched it a moment. He thought perhaps that explained the disappearance of the other two bodies. He silently led Loa away.

They went into the woods to hunt for food, and Loa in helping him soon got back her spirits. They found raspberries and a strange apple, both of which Hawai pronounced good. The man who first tasted the tomato had more courage than did Columbus. He decried the date palm afar off, and remarked that they should soon fare like princes. The man cut sugar cane, and showed Loa how to chew the pulp and extract the sweetness thereof.

That was but the beginning of their rambles. Every day they sauntered forth to gain new strength, and came home laden with their treasures. One night they dragged in armfuls of bamboo. Another time Hawai brought a mealy root which he had found by accident. It proved a novelty in their diet, for it was the sweet potato. One day they skirted the coast and found a secluded beach where the turtles had come to lay their eggs. The latter they gathered eagerly, while Hawai jocularly remarked that when they had something to cook it in they could have turtle soup. They had gradually gone over the whole island, and on the night that completed the circuit, and proved conclusively that they were the only human beings there, despair descended on them. They had traveled far that day, and the dusk overtook them, but Hawai insisted on cutting armfuls of a tough rush that grew in a swamp.

"What do you want that for?" enquired Loa.

The man was a born woodsman, and was very clever.

"To make a net to catch shrimps with," he answered. "The little shrimp is better than the mussels we have been eating so long."

Loa acquiesced. She was tired of shell fish. So she helped carry the rushes back to the cave, in the long walk through the night.

The next day Hawai spent fashioning the shrimp net. Loa amused herself making festoons of brilliant flowers and garlanding them around his neck. That gave her an idea. She gathered a large quantity of fleshy, fibrous leaves, and began weaving them together.

"Why can't I make clothing out of these?" she queried.

Hawai glanced at her. Their clothing was rent in strips, and sadly in need of repair, and Loa had a skin averse to the sun. He watched her amusedly, until she got tired and threw them aside.

"I believe I could make better things out of feathers." She glanced at a squawking sea-bird that sailed overhead. "I could make you a headpiece that would crown a chief."

He smiled at the woman's vanity that would think first of adorning the head, but humored her by saying gently, "If you will lend me some of your tresses, I shall try and snare some birds."

She shook out her mane, for she firmly believed him capable of anything. When she went over to help him tie the net, she voiced the thought that had haunted both of them.

"If we are the only persons living on this island, how long must we stay before others come?"

"Perhaps forever." It was no use deceiving her. She might as well know. "Some of the ships may have reached one of those bodies of land over there; for owing to the warm current all of Hagoth's crafts came in the same direction. If some of our compatriots are alive, sooner or later they may visit this island."

"Or you could build a boat and go to them." Her faith in him was unlimited.

He shook his head. "I intend to keep you here, and not

risk you with the treacherous sea again." Something in his tone made her drop her eyes. "Would it then be so distasteful?"

"No," she answered bravely, "I have been very happy here."

"I want you to give me the right to protect you. You must marry me."

"But there is no priest," she subterfuged.

Kings make their own laws. You and I, by the right of possession, are joint rulers of these islands. We shall effect a union of our interests. Come, we will ask the Heavenly Father, who watches over even the outcasts, to guard and protect us."

Kneeling, he invoked a blessing on the new life on which they were embarking. He prayed fervently that they should not die out, but live to perpetuate a new race in this paradise of the Pacific.

They arose with rapt faces, and in a spirit of exaltation wandered down to the beach. It was a glorious, starlit night, and the wind from the sea was tempered with a summer softness. They gazed upon the glittering sea, heard the wave's roar and the wind's low moan. They saw each other's dark eyes darting light into each other. In early days the heart is lava and the blood ablaze. They were alone, but no feeling of loneliness oppressed them. Around them lay the white expanse of the sand; beyond, they heard the drip in the damp caves. They clung to each other; for them there was no one else in the world.

* * * * *

The shrimp fisher flung in his net, and Loa, afraid to trust him in the water alone, went surf-bathing. The catch was successful, and at last Hawai, with the consciousness of work well done, threw down his net and joined her in the sport. Loa took the flat board on which she had been rescued and rode on it on the crests of the waves, keeping well to the shallow water, for she dreaded the flitting black fins that portended the shark. It was a sunlit honeymoon, and, surrounded by gorgeous flowers and brilliant birds, they imbibed the brightness of the atmosphere. As Loa did not like the gloom of the cave, Hawai built her a summer house of bamboo, and thatched it with grass. Gradually their comforts increased. One night, after they had dined of a young roast pig, Loa remarked, "Hawai, don't you ever say that you

and I are the only people on this island." She looked him straight in the eyes.

He put his arm around her tenderly, but this thing worried him more than he liked to show.

"I wan't you to declare war on the wild boars," she continued, "for this place must be safe for a little child to play in."

He mentally resolved to do it, although he was at a loss how to commence. After that he renewed his efforts, and toiled indefatigably to bring in every necessity his ingenuity could devise.

One night he had gone to look at some traps. One had been dragged away, and in looking for it he went further than he intended. When he returned to the hut he was panic-stricken to find Loa gone. Wild with fear, he dashed up to the mouth of the cave whence smoke issued. Inside, guarded by the fire at the entrance, lay Loa. A thin, piping sound issued from her side.

"Come in," she said, "and see your little son."

"My little son!" he repeated in wonder.

With a mighty thankfulness, Hawai gathered up his family in his arms and carried it to the house, with a heartfelt prayer that he might not drop all that he held dear.

Soon after that a canoe put into the bay. It contained countrymen who had landed safely from one of the other ships on a larger island of the group. Friends came to join them, but Hawai and Loa preferred to dwell on their island kingdom.

(THE END.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

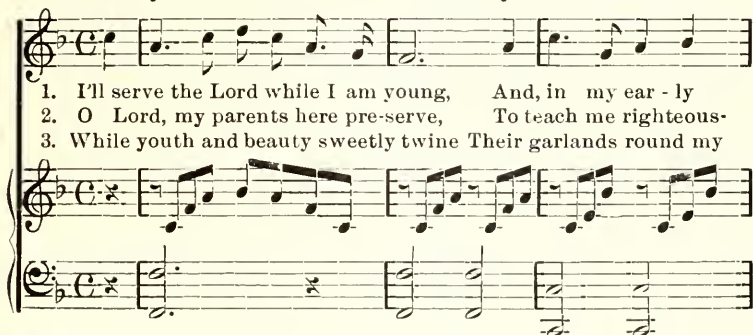
Industry.

A YOUNG MAN can have no nobler ancestry than one made up of men and women who have worked for a living and who have given honest work. The instinct of industry runs in the blood. * * * *
No money or luck will place the lazy man on the level of his industrious neighbor. The industry engendered by the pioneer life of the last generation is still in your veins. Sons and daughters of the western pioneers, yours is the best blood in the realm. You must make the most of yourselves! If you can not get an education in four years, take ten years. It is worth your while.—DAVID STARR JORDAN, *The Value of Higher Education*.

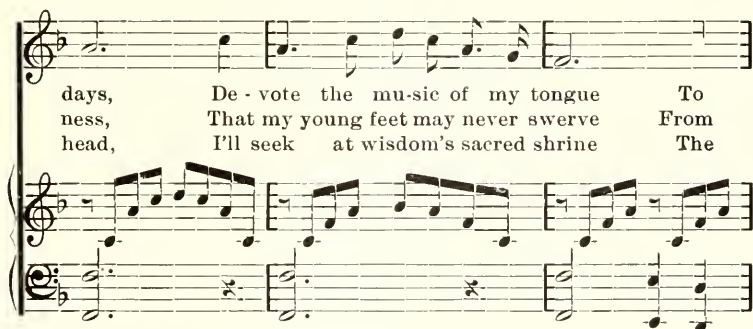
I'll Serve the Lord While I am Young.

Words by E. R. SNOW.

Music by R. MICHELSEN.



1. I'll serve the Lord while I am young, And, in my ear - ly
 2. O Lord, my parents here pre-serve, To teach me righteous-
 3. While youth and beauty sweetly twine Their garlands round my



days, De - vote the mu-sic of my tongue To
 ness, That my young feet may never swerve From
 head, I'll seek at wisdom's sacred shrine The



my Redeemer's praise. I'll praise his name that he has
 paths of ho - li - ness; And, like the faithful ones of
 gems that nev-er fade. Long may I sing thy praises

giv'n, Me par - ent-age and birth A-
old Who now behold thy face, May
here, A - mong thy Saints be - low, And

mong the most beloved of heav'n That dwell upon the earth.
I beformed in virtue's mould, To fill a ho-ly place.
in e - ter - ni - ty ap - pear, With them in glory too.

The Song of the World.

(For the Improvement Era.)

A bard made rhyme on the king's highway,
A migrant minstrel bold.
And all who tarried might hear his lay—
The pilgrim worn or the courtier gay,
For he was glad, and he sang all day
A wondrous song of old.

The king swept by with his pageantry,
Nor harkened ever a strain,
No alms to a vagrant minstrelsy,
While he of the realm's first majesty
Must hie him away on his embassy—
Away from the blest refrain.

A knight in his armed panoply
Charged forth at the tocsin call,
For he was a regal errantry,
To fight for a liege and a dynasty—
The song and the singer for such as he
Had 'chantment never at all.

The martman's visage was old with care,
As over the hill he climbed;
With gold elusive and hard to spare,
What mattered to him the day was fair,
That out on the highway over there,
The song of the world was rhymed?

They passed him by thro' the gladsome day—
The wonderful minstrel seer—
A hurrying, motley pageant they,
The viceroy and the poppinjay,
The love-lorn churl and the maiden gay,
With never a pause to hear.

They passed him by on the highway old,
And they and their days are gone—
The king and his court, with their tawdry gold,
The churl and the maid with their love untold—
'Tis only the minstrel glad and bold,
Who lives in his wondrous song.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.



The Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap.

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

If the Little Zion, the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap, or Valley of Many Waters, or the Canyon of the Rio Virgen, or of the Many-colored Sandstone—whatever name we choose to call it by—were the only one of its kind in the “Rock-Rovers’ Land,” still it would be enough to give a scenic importance to the southern part of the state of Utah. The Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap, as I like to call it, left an indelible impression upon my youthful mind when I visited the place, in the year 1871.

Since that time, I believe, I have been in every kind of canyon and valley, that the West has to show. And yet I have not forgotten the Little Zion. It differs entirely from the canyons of the Grand river, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite valley, or the Grand canyon of the Colorado. Of course, it is not to be compared in wonder or grandeur to the two last named places, yet it has such a decided character of its own, and is so remarkable in its way, that it forms a distinctive feature in western scenery. This more on account of its color-effects than the forms of its cliffs and peaks and walls.

The great plateau of sandstone where occurs the Mu-Kun-Tu-

Weap, and those wonderful fissures, the Kanarra canyons, covers a vast extent, and is a dominating fact of southern Utah.

Fear not, my reader, I am not about to use expletives in recalling the Kanarras, or to attempt to become eloquent in a description of the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap. That is useless, yet it is a strange sight, and a sensation, too, when one is in those narrow and profound splits in the rocks, called the Kanarras, and in the day time sees the sky above like a blue ribbon, and at night like a river of stars! And certainly the variety and brilliancy of the colors of the sandstones, that edge the Little Zion, tempt one to the use of unusual language. But I refrain, and hope that a statement of simple facts, in this very short sketch, will suffice to give a true conception to the reader of the wonders of the focal scene in the "Rock-Rovers' Land."

While I write, there lie before me half a dozen old sketches in oil of the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap. The surface of these sketches is gritty with sand. This sand was driven upon the sketches while the color was yet wet, and so have there remained. Under the magnifying glass, the sand shows many colors. It ranges from pure white, through cream, yellow, orange, vermillion, and so on, from Venetian into deep Indian red; and so in hues are the cliffs from which the sand came. The dark, sombre colors are in the foundation tiers of stone and the highest strata, the capping of the highest towers and domes, are of a sudden marble white.

The Circle Cliffs, the Orange Cliffs, Vermillion Bluffs, Red Mesa, White Butte, the Dome of Kolob, the Temples of the Rio Virgen, on the map of Utah,—these names tell one what to expect, in color and form, in the southern part of the state. And Flood canyon and Oquarius plateau are not wrongly named. There are other plateaus—Kolob, Awapa, Kaipporowitts—and all are at times great collectors of water. There are many flood canyons, too. Water it was that laid down all the sediments of the many plateaus, and water it was that did all the wonderful carving of the "Rock Rovers' Land." And the manner in which the water now comes out, after rain, from the fissures in the arid sandstone hills, is surprising. One sometimes sees remarkable sights at the base of these plateaus, and what the sometimes dry-gullies of the Basin Rim can do as feeders of the Colorado.

Rather than invent a description of the Temples of the Rio Virgen, the principle scenic feature of the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap, I will, with the reader's permission, give an extract or two from the pages of my boyhood journal, of 1871:

"Nineteen times we forded the Rio Virgen; seven times in the valley proper, and twelve times in the canyon or valley of the Little Zion. Nineteen times our poor, jaded mules pulled the crazy old wagon through the water and sands of the circling stream. Like some octogenarian, infirm and toil-worn, yet whom death had apparently forgotten, the stream added mile after mile, like he, year after year, to a precarious existence. Time seems ever ready to end the life of the aged man, and these hot sands appear ever ready to swallow up the feeble river. I refer to the dwindling waters in the lower valley. In the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap the Rio Virgen is strong and noisy enough, and in both places it is sometimes a roaring stream.

"The Temples came into view with considerable theatric display. At a turn in the rough and little-used road, where the stream brawled loudest, and foamed over the ruins of the cliffs, and above the arrow-wood and pinion pine, and where the oose stood in the crevices of the foreground rocks, their red—I should rather say parti-colored—mural fronts—fretted, traced and sculptured—stood against the deep blue of a cloudless sky. The brilliant sunlight made them a wonderful sight to behold, nor were they less remarkable in appearance as the sun fell westward, and the edges of the wild rocks caught the red fire, making them redder than before, though in places they were purple-barred with shadows. The upper parts of the assembled walls of the Temples of the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap, and also of the Pa-Run-u-Weap, as well as Kolob, long held the light. From the Dome of Kolob, the highest point of all, the light was last to fail. That this Dome had once been an island, it is easy to believe. All these plateaus have once been in the bottoms of ancient seas.

"Remarkable as this scene was, I was yet the more impressed by a view of the Temples as they appeared from farther up the valley, and looking down the course of the stream. There several of the great rock structures were in sight at one time, and one could realize better, too, the great height. The Rio Virgen

spread out into a large pool there, and the Temples were reflected in the gathered waters. Above this point, the valley suddenly narrowed into a defile. There was an abandoned hut at this point, and the ruins of an orchard. One of the sudden freshets to which the stream is subjected had wrecked what had once promised to be a pleasant, if very primitive, homestead. We had made this hut our headquarters, and made excursions from it up and down the stream. Several times at night, I fired my rifle to listen to the wild replying of the echoes amid the cliffs. I was astonished to see, this morning, a tiny stream of water which fell sheer down a bare face of precipice, frozen from top to base. A few minutes after being touched by the warm rays of the sun, the thin column of ice fell, with a rattling noise, to the valley floor."

Thomas Carlyle, when he made his first excursion to Scotland, stipulated with his escort that he was to be shown no fashionable "scenic lions," He wished, apparently, to make his deduction from the "average." The Temples of the Rio Virgen, the Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap, were no "scenic lions" in those days. Few people knew of them, and my companion and I were probably the first men to take a rather trying trip, at that time, to see them. I am rather inclined to like forming my own estimates of what is the average of any region of country, by a sight of both its least and most interesting features. But enough of that; my day of "view-hunting," as well as of my companion, are past and gone.

This from my journal again:

"Of all deserts, which one more strange than a cactus desert? That one extending from where the Rio Virgen crosses the northern boundary line of Arizona, to Sanup plateau, overlooking the Grand canyon, and from the Grand wash, on the west, to the Uinkaret plateau on the east, is as strange as any. Thorn-bearing cacti abound; the barrel and the flat-leaved cactus, and others, are all fearfully armed. There is the Yant, or Spanish bayonet, but the Needle palm, Yucca, or, as more commonly called, the Joshua, are in preponderance. What torches they make, what heat they throw out, and how they crackle and flare! It is just as much a primal instinct to light a fire when out in the wild, as it is a platitude to tell about it.

"In Mu-Kun-Tu-Weap, I listened nightly to the tu-whit, tu-whoo of an owl, but there is not a sound on the desert. There was silence absolute. How wonderful was the dawn! How vivid that line of ruddy fire,—the low, sun-touched cliff-edges of the distant plateaus and mesas where the Rio Virgen is lost in the Colorado."

Come, See the Place.

(For the Improvement Era.)

An earthquake rends the shiv'ring ground—
The angel rolls the stone away,
Says to the women standing there,
"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

"He is not here, for he is risen,"
They hear the snow-white angel say;
"And fear not, ye who seek the Lord—
Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

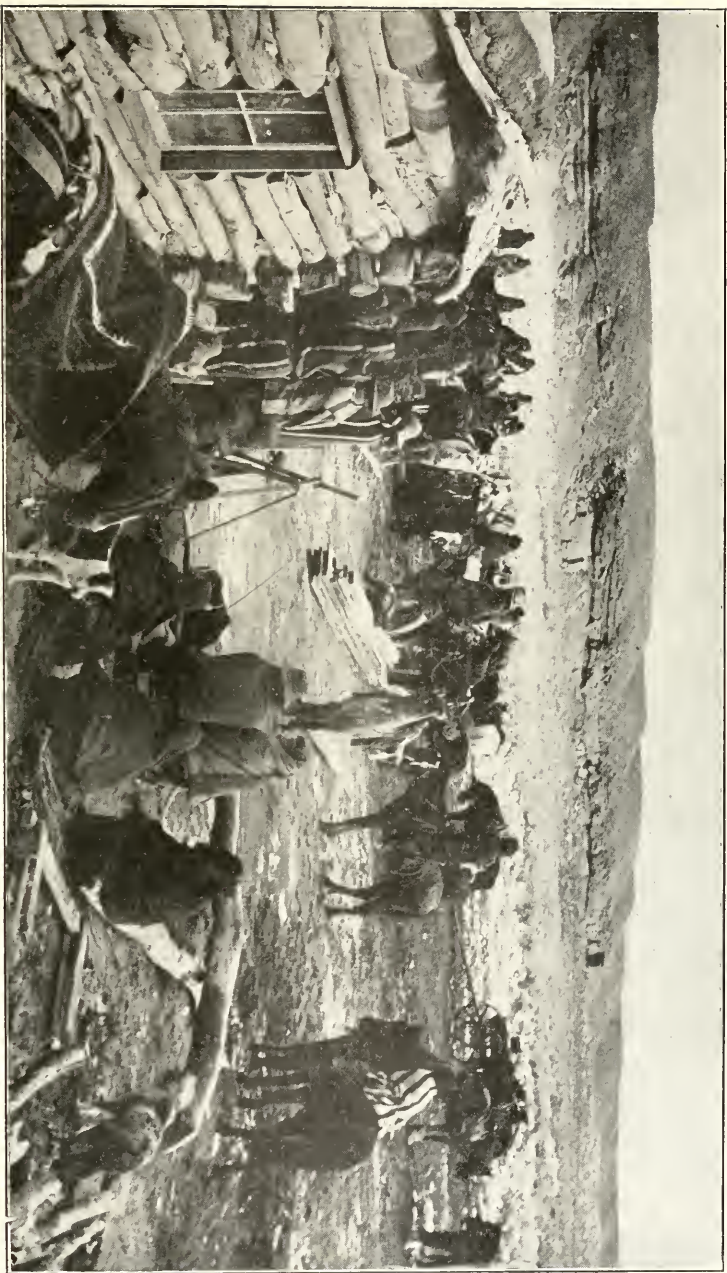
"Be not afraid!" his voice assures—
As prostrate at his feet they pray;
Then, confident, they gaze within,
To see the place where the Lord lay.

O glorious day when Christ declared:
"See, I am risen from the dead!
I'll meet them there in Galilee;
Go tell my brethren," Jesus said.

They saw but angels in the tomb—
Where lay his feet and where his head,
But he would be in Galilee—
"Would meet them there," his own voice said.

Lo! he is risen from the dead!
And thrills each heart this Easter day
That to the world this truth was shown,
The tomb was empty where he lay.

LYDIA D. ALDER.



Navajo Indians discussing the building problem, on the reservation near Bluff, Utah. A typical winter scene in a Navajo camp on the San Juan river.

Photo by Charles Goodman

Joseph Smith, a Prophet of God.

BY ELDER GEORGE W. CROCKWELL.

VI.

Verse 6.—“And thus, by the sword, and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquake, and thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations (Doc. and Cov. 87: 6).

This verse has not all been fulfilled, neither will it be until the consumption decreed makes a full end of all nations. I have presented a large array of proof that the inhabitants of the earth have been made to mourn by sword and by bloodshed. I shall next consider the famines, plagues and earthquakes, in their order, as set forth in this verse. The list of each is not a full and complete one, but sufficient to prove the prophecy, and I do not present any that occurred prior to the year 1860, although I would be justified in going back to the date the revelation was given:

FAMINES.

1860-61—Northwest part of India.

1865-66—Bengal and Orisso; 1,500,000 perished.

1867-68—Russia, where there was much suffering.

1868-69—Northwest part of India.

1870-73—Famine in Persia extended over the whole country. More than 1,500,000 people died.

1872—Famine in Volga District in Russia.

1873-75—A large part of India was ravaged with a terrible famine.

1874—In Bengal there was only a one-fourth crop of rice, and 25,000,000 people suffered for a long period of time; 3,900,000 received daily support until December, 1874. The expense of the nation was £6,500,000. To this must be added the public subscription of £280,000, making a total of £6,780,000, equaling \$33,900,000. About the same time there was a famine in southern India, 1,500,000 people received support and the public debt was increased \$25,000,000.

1873-75—The interior province of Asia, Asia Minor, suffered severely, 2,500,000 oxen and horses and 528,000 goats died in Angora, and the number of people that perished varied in the different provinces from six thousand to twenty thousand.

1876—The Monsoons failed. There was drought all over India, and the government spent \$55,000,000 in relief, and 5,250,000 people drew the fatal lot.

1877—Famine in Bombay and Madras, in India.

1877-79—A severe famine in the north part of China.

1879—There was a famine in Ireland.

1880—Famine in Asia Minor and Central Russia.

1888-89—The north part of China suffered greatly.

1890-92—Russia was the scene of a great famine. The death list reached many thousands.

1890—Famine was severe in Ireland. Great Britain took measures to relieve the starving peasantry.

1899—Eleven million suffered and died in India for the want of food.

1907—This year 20,000,000 in China were doomed to perish by famine; 5,000 perished every day. Mothers sold their daughters to shame for 60 cents with which to buy food. Some were sold for 14 cents and a bowl or two of rice. They bargained with one another, as though the children were so much pork. Where a man had a well-grown child, whose weight was equal to that of two younger children, he took these two children in exchange.

1903—India, China and Russia were face to face with a famine. The Indian government estimated that no fewer than 45,000,000 of its people would suffer. The famine in China promised to be even worse than in 1907, when 20,000,000 died, and many children were killed and eaten. The famine in Russia was very severe, and there have been years when the last animal was killed. Acorns were garnered from the forest, and trees stripped of their bark. The famine in 1911, in China, threatens to be very much like that of 1907.

In presenting the list of plagues, I shall follow the former

brief method I have adopted, and will not enter into full particulars:

PLAGUES.

1861—Lisbon became a prey to the yellow fever. King Pedro sought to relieve the sufferers and died a victim, November 11.

1865—Cholera raged at Smyrna, Alexandria, Ancona and Constantinople; 55,000 persons died. It also prevailed in Paris, Marseilles and Naples, in July and December.

1866—Cholera appeared in England, at Bristol, in April; at Liverpool and Southampton, in May. Was also very severe in the east part of London and at Naples. A new and incurable disease, named the Black Plague, made its appearance in Dublin, Ireland. Many persons of all ranks died in a few hours after seizure.

1867—Rome, Naples, Sicily and Switzerland were the scenes of cholera.

1871—Konigsberg, Prussia, was affected.

1873—It appeared in Vienna and Paris. People died by the score.

1890—Sporadic cases in Tonquin and Hong Kong.

1892—Appeared in Lang-tchu and Yun-uan.

1893-94—Epidemic at Tonquin, Hong Kong, Canton, Lang-tchu and Yun-uan.

1895-97—Sporadic cases at Yun-uan, Lang-tchu, and along the Manchurian frontier, also in various parts of India.

1898—Plague becomes epidemic in Bombay and Calcutta and famine paves the way for its renewal in roads along the Manchurian frontier.

1899—Pestilence spreads rapidly in Hong Kong, Bombay and Calcutta, and many cases appear at Rangoon and Singapore. It was epidemic in July at Port Arthur, Nechang, Cheefoo and Tientsin. Spread also to Shangtung. In August, the disease appeared at Tokio and Kobe in Japan, and at Chemulpo, in Corea: also spread to Vladivostok and through Siberia, becoming practically epidemic in the Russian province of Astrakahn. In November, the plague reached Manila and two cases were brought into port at New York. In the month of December, the disease appeared at Valparaiso and other Pacific south American ports. It also broke out in Honolulu, and Nomad, New Caledonia.

1900—January, pestilence appeared at Sidney, New South Wales, and Nagasaki, Japan, also passed Cape Horn and reached Rio Janeiro and Santos, Brazil; Rosario, Augustina and the island of Cazumel, off the coast of Yucatan. February, epidemic broke out afresh in Honolulu,

after being once stamped out. Also spread to other Hawaiian islands. August, the disease broke out at Izell, twelve miles, and at Dagus, seven miles from King Williams Town, Cape Colony, South Africa.

1907—October, San Francisco, California, battled with the bubonic plague, and heroic measures were adopted on the Pacific coast to prevent its spread.

(The closing article in this series will appear in the May number of the ERA.)

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Passing Events.

David H. Moffat, banker and railroad man of Denver, died in New York, March 18, from the effects of gripe. He was the founder and promoter of the Denver Pacific, generally known as the Moffat road, in which Utah is greatly interested, seeing that it will traverse the Uintah reservation country. Mr. Moffat was a leading citizen of Denver for many years, but was born in New York, July 22, 1839.

An official state flag for Utah, to be given to the battleship *Utah* together with the silver service, has been officially adopted by the legislature. The flag was made by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, and presented by them to the state. It is described, in the resolution prepared by the legislature, as follows:

Section 1.—That the state flag of Utah be, and the same is hereby declared to be, a flag of blue field fringed with gold borders, and the following device worked in white on the blue field: The center a shield, and perched thereon an American eagle with outstretched wings; the top of the shield pierced by six arrows crosswise; under the arrows the motto, "Industry;" beneath the motto a beehive; on each side growing sego lilies; below the beehive the word "Utah;" and beneath the word "Utah" the figures "1847;" on each side of the shield the American flag encircling all. At the base of the design the figures "1896."

The Utah Legislature closed its long session of sixty-nine days on Saturday morning at 11:50, March 18. Many important laws were passed, including one regulating the liquor traffic, which calls for an election on June 27; prohibiting the sale or exchange of cigarettes or cigarette paper; a nine hour law for women; giving first and second class cities a commission form of government; providing for the erection of a state

capitol building in Salt Lake City; for the increase of the state revenue without increasing the set levy; for the erection of an Armory building for the Utah National Guard; the erection of a main building for the University of Utah; a gymnasium for the Agricultural College at Logan; the establishment of a state highway; the creation of an emigration and labor bureau under state supervision, together with many other useful minor laws.

Representative Joseph Howell returned to Utah early in March for a vacation between the adjournment of the 61st Congress and the opening of the special session of Congress on April 4. He reports many important enactments passed, directly and indirectly affecting Utah. Among the most important of these is the Howell bill, authorizing the appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars, to be expended under the supervision of the Agricultural department of Utah in the extermination of the alfalfa weevils on Utah farm lands. Another was a bill giving relief to prospective homesteaders on the Uintah Indian reservation, providing that a homesteader is only required to reside on the land taken by him, for a period of eight months. Another bill granted the state for educational purposes the group of federal buildings at Randalet, in Uintah county, formerly used by the government for Indian schools; also the appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars for the construction of a steel bridge across the Duchesne river in Wasatch county. The last three measures were originated with Senator Reed Smoot in the Senate. A bill was introduced appropriating two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the erection and establishment of a complete navy and army sanitarium and hospital at Beck's Hot Springs, but Congress adjourned before proper consideration could be made of this.

"Life Lines" is the title of a new book of poems recently issued from the press of the Skelton Publishing Company, Salt Lake City, containing the poems of Ellis Reynolds Shipp, M. D. There are some three hundred titles in the three hundred and ten pages of the work. The book is dedicated to the author's children, and is introduced by Emmeline B. Wells, who says that in some of the subjects portrayed is apparent the true and genuine love of nature and humanity. The ills of life are touched with delicate skill, which seeks to ameliorate sorrow and excessive grief. The author has a depth of feeling for all things beautiful in nature and humanity, and her poems are full of hope and faith in God. The poems contain many inspirational verses written and sent forth in the spirit of love.

The Boy Scout Movement in Utah.

Report of a Special Committee to the General Board.

To the General Superintendency and General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your committee appointed to inquire into and report upon the subject of “The Boy Scout Movement of America,” now being introduced into the state of Utah, beg leave to report as follows:

ORIGIN.

The movement seems to have had its origin in the active interests and labors of Ernest Thompson Seton, the noted author of *Animal Life*, etc., and General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the first of America, the second of England. The movement is now of some six or eight years’ standing.

AIM OF THE MOVEMENT.

“The aim of the Boy Scout Movement is to supplement the various existing educational agencies, and to promote the ability in boys to do things for themselves and others. The method is summed up in the term ‘Scoutcraft,’ and is a combination of observation, education and handiness, or the ability *to do*. Scoutcraft consists of first aid, life-saving, tracking, signalling, cycling, nature study, seamanship, and other instruction. This is accomplished in games and team-play, and the only equipment it needs is the out-doors, a group of boys and a leader.”

THE SCOUT’S OATH.

Before he becomes a scout, a boy must take the oath thus:

"On my honor, I promise that I will do my best—

"1. To do my duty to God and my country.

"2. To help other people at all times.

"3. To obey the scout law."

THE SCOUT LAW.

"1. The scout's honor is to be trusted.

"2. A scout is loyal to his country, his officers his parents and his employers.

"3. A scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.

"4. A scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

"5. A scout is courteous.

"6. A scout is a friend to animals.

"7. A scout obeys orders of his parents, patrol leader, or scoutmaster without question.

"8. A scout whistles under all circumstances.

"9. A scout is thrifty."

SPIRIT OF THE ORGANIZATION.

The spirit of the organization seems to be character-building by acquiring ability to do common things, rather than book learning or book education. It encourages out-door life and has a dash in it of patriotism, since the candidate for admission must know something of the history and significance of the American flag, and provides a special salute to it, but not military.

ORGANIZATION.

The organization partakes of a military character in that it provides special uniforms, badges, and a system of promotion for service-merit; it declaims, however, the military spirit, and holds that boy scouting "comprises the attributes of colonial frontiersmen and self-reliance" (*Boy Scouts of America*, p. 50); and discourages the use of firearms in its work.

RELATIONSHIP TO OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The scout movement does not contemplate, by its originators, interference with other organizations. As witness the following

statement: "It should be noted that the rules given in this book (*Boy Scouts of America*—Seton) are generally intended to apply to units of Boy Scouts which do not belong to existing organizations." And also the following: "Scoutmasters will not accept boys as recruits from other organizations, unless by desire of their officer." Also this: "Where scouting is taken up by any society," Mr. Seton says, "that society takes up as much or as little as it likes of the training."

THE MOVEMENT IN UTAH.

The movement as it is developing in Utah, according to literature bearing on the subject, is "The enrollment of all organized boy's clubs in the state," and "The extension of club organizations in all parts of the state." Any club or organization "which makes some form of character training the center of their activities, of at least ten members of boys between the ages of ten and eighteen with an adult leader, are eligible to be made members of the proposed confederation." Sunday school classes and priesthood quorums are named as among the organizations that will be acceptable.

WHAT SHALL BE THE ATTITUDE OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. TOWARDS THIS BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT?

Of the general excellence and practicability and desirability of the Boy Scout Movement in general there can be no doubt; especially in communities where organizations for such purposes do not exist. In the Latter-day Saint communities, however, our youth are amply provided with organizations for the achievement of all that is proposed in the Boy Scout Movement, and more. If on inquiry it is found that enough emphasis has not been placed upon out-door life activities, such as would make "scouting" attractive to the junior members of our associations, then it only requires that instruction be given to that effect, and the necessary changes can be made to bring the desired results.

CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS.

In review of all that has gone before in this report, your committee, while recognizing the very great excellence of the Boy

Scout Movement in and of itself, and appreciating the high aims of the very distinguished gentlemen with whom it originated, feel no necessity either for giving encouragement to the creation of units of Boy Scouts, or for entering into confederation with such separate units and other organizations taking up scout work; since in our Y. M. M. I. Associations we are already provided with both sufficient and efficient organization to cover the field of activities proposed by "scouting;" and manifestly to multiply organizations where they are not needed would be a waste of energy. Moreover, to create new scout units, or to confederate with other organizations would likely result in dividing the interests of the junior members of our associations, and perhaps wean them from love and loyalty to their own organization founded through the inspired leaders of our Church, for which there would be and *could* be no compensating returns.

Your committee therefore recommend that the General Board say in answer to all solicitations to participate in the "Scout Movement" in Utah and in other places where the organizations of the Church of Latter-day Saints are established, that we are provided with organizations that cover and provide for the good work proposed, and that it would not be to the best interests of our own organizations to take up the Scout Movement and organization. And we also recommend that this decision, if it meets with the approval of the General Board, be at once imparted to the stake superintendents and ward presidents.

Your committee would further recommend, however, that while our associations contemplate providing for all possible activities that look to the improvement of our youth, spiritually, morally, and physically, it may be that, except in the matter of athletics, we have not given sufficient attention to out-door life and activities for our junior members. We therefore suggest that our standing committee on "Athletics and Field-sports" have its duties enlarged so as to include out-door activities that may not be strictly regarded as "sports," but will have for their purpose the promotion of ability in boys to do things that are useful to themselves and to others; and that will also have a tendency to develop and manifest the aptness of the individual boy for some useful trade, calling or profession in life. To cover this larger field of activity

the committee name on athletics could be amended to read: "Committee on Athletics, Field-sports, Out-door Activities and Employments." If so amended the same change would be necessary in like committees in the stake boards and in the ward associations.

In this connection, also, your committee call attention to the great need in our associations for a wide awake, energetic and efficient "Field Man" who can devote his whole time to this work, and be constantly moving among the associations, giving instructions and coming in personal contact with our officers and members, and more especially with the junior members. All the more will an efficient field man be needed if our recommendations respecting enlarged out-door activities and employments for our junior members be adopted.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

B. H. ROBERTS,
GEO. H. BRIMHALL,
BENJAMIN GODDARD,
Committee.

The General Board, at a meeting held on Wednesday evening, March 22, 1911, unanimously adopted the report.

Climb.

(For the Improvement Era.)

The days are but rounds in the Ladder of Life,
Up which we must ever be climbing,
If we would attain a place at the top,
The goal for which all should be striving.

We only may mount one round at a time,
So let us put into our doing
The courage and cheer of unfalt'ring zeal,
For others who climb to be viewing.

Yes; days are but rounds in the Ladder of Life,
With plenty of room at the top;
Then plant your feet firm, and, ne'er looking back,
Climb, climb, climb, nor ever once stop.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

A Last Witness.

A Tribute to Patriarch Benjamin F. Johnson.

BY CHARLES S. SELLERS.

I ask for space in the ERA for a short tribute to my friend, Patriarch Benjamin F. Johnson. The subject matter is based upon both verbal and written testimony to his friends, in addition to my knowledge gained of him, during a close acquaintance of ten years.

He was a very modest man, and during the active part of his life found little time to more than do his work—with none to observe whether his name was being placed in history. In the latter part of his life, however, he seemed to have some regrets about this, as we all naturally desire to be remembered. I surmise this because he once expressed himself to Elder O. B. Huntington, in a letter dated January 16, 1901, that numerous events of Church and Utah history, in which he had taken an active part, had been written, yet not a place had been found for his name. He had stood in positions in which he was an important figure in the work and life of the Prophet Joseph Smith in his day, yet, as stated, little mention, if any, is made of him in history. During my acquaintance with him, a fund of information came to me which it would be wrong to let altogether remain unuttered, hence the excuse for this brief tribute.

Benjamin F. Johnson, son of Ezekiel Johnson and Julia Hills, was born at Pompret, Chatauqua Co., New York, on July 28, 1818, and died at Mesa, Arizona, on the 18th of November, 1905. In his youth he kept the commandments, including the one with a promise: "Honor thy father and thy mother." By this course he gained the well-earned right to his long life upon the earth. He

met the Prophet Joseph at the age of fifteen. Like the prophet, his cup of trouble was nearly always full, and he bore manfully and bravely his share of the troubles of life. He was a trusted friend of the Prophet Joseph. For nearly two weeks at one time he watched by his bed, ministering to him while sick, day by day.

A remarkable and quite general healing occurred at Commerce, afterwards Nauvoo, in July, 1839. Of this and his nursing the prophet, Brother Johnson has given an account in a long manuscript to Elder George S. Gibbs, written in 1903, and which has not yet appeared in print. It will be remembered that Joseph arose from his bed, rebuked the sickness, and went about healing the people until all were made sound and well. The Saints generally are well informed as to this event, but of the part which Brother Johnson took none are apprised, a fact undoubtedly arising through Brother Johnson's modesty, and perhaps lack of friends, among those who write history. A more loyal man to duty than Elder Johnson was never known. Whenever duty called he never hesitated. He gave his time, all his life, and worked unceasingly for the good of his fellows. He was among the greatest men that our Church has known.

Elder Johnson relates that when the Prophet Joseph's work on earth was nearly done, the prophet spoke one day to him, stating that while his own work was nearly over, and he would soon lay down his life for the cause, yet for that same cause Brother Johnson's life must go on, and he should remain to be very old before he should die, a prediction which came verily true. Brother Johnson protested on the occasion, to the prophet, that the work of the Lord on the earth could not get along if he should go, but Joseph said: "The work shall still go on, and become great and mighty, while I must die a martyr to the cause of truth."

At the death of the Prophet Joseph, Elder Johnson was not only sorely tried, but was overcome with grief, yet he resigned himself to the will of the Lord, as he recognized in that, as in all other things, the Father always knows what is best.

At the time President Young stood before the people after the death of the prophet, advocating the cause of the leadership of the Twelve Apostles, it is well known that many saw a light appear about him and that they recognized in him the leader of

the Church, and heard in his voice the voice of Joseph. This not only comforted Brother Johnson who was present, but all the people, and Elder Johnson always bore testimony to it; and from that hour there was no doubt in the minds of any that Brigham Young was the chosen leader. This miracle, to the weak and troubled Saints, was as comforting as it was wonderful. Joseph had thrown the care of this great work upon the Twelve, which they bore until a leader was chosen from among them. Inspired of God and strengthened in their faith, they sustained Brigham Young as the Prophet of the Lord, and so the Church was saved. By the will of the Father, Brigham Young guided the people through all the troubles they were destined to encounter, and so God saved the Church and the Saints who share with Christ their leader, brother and friend, all the troubles that are heaped upon them. In all these glorious truths Brother Johnson was a life-long believer, and bore a constant testimony to them.

It was in the year 1895, that I first met Elder Johnson. At that time only a very few were alive of Joseph's special circle of about "fifty friends," of which he was one. Of this select circle of the prophet's most trusted friends, Brother Johnson was about the youngest member. At the time of his death, he had been the last of this council—the last witness for more than two years. He was the last to live of that blessed band who were zealous witnesses to the end that the work which the prophet ushered in was true. At the age of 87, upon his birthday, Elder Johnson's neighbors planned to meet him once again and to spend a pleasant hour with him. On this occasion, as he stood with trembling in their midst, as it were on the brink of the grave, he bore testimony that the doctrines which the Prophet Joseph revealed were divine, and that he was ever a seeker after the truth, and that the Church which the prophet established is God's divine organization. He declared soberly that Joseph Smith was a noble man, brave, undaunted and energetic in the performance of the work of God. He enjoined his friends and children to be true to the work which the prophet established, and promised them that if they should fulfil their duties well they would be blessed with a similar testimony. He then blessed his friends and relatives and bade adieu to all.

The patriarch died four months later, and it is my firm belief

that he left this earthly home for the paradise of Jesus; that he has found a place of great reward, in which it is my desire to meet him, and where all the Saints will meet him who have tried to do right and who labor for the truth.

MESA, ARIZONA.



ELDERS OF THE MARYLAND CONFERENCE.

Top row, reading from left to right: Ben T. Ritchie, Idaho Falls, Idaho; J. H. Whitesides, Layton, Ambrose Call, Bountiful, Utah. Middle row: Samuel Packer, Preston, Idaho; James Lerwill, Payson, Utah; Mayben Fox, Canada; Albert L. Egbert, Fairview, Idaho; Jesse M. Stephens, Riverdale, Utah. Bottom row: Earl E. Walker, Rigby Idaho; Caleb J. Squires, Salt Lake City, F. H. Gunn, (Conference President) Adamsville, James G. Yardley, Beaver, Alvin Wood, Clearfield, Utah.

Editor's Table.

Theory and Divine Revelation.

Our young people are diligent students. They reach out after truth and knowledge with commendable zeal, and in so doing they must necessarily adopt for temporary use many theories of men. As long, however, as they recognize them as scaffolding useful for research purposes, there can be no special harm in them. It is when these theories are settled upon as basic truth that trouble appears, and the searcher then stands in grave danger of being led hopelessly from the right way.

Recently there was some trouble of this kind in one of the leading Church schools—the training college of the Brigham Young University—where three of the professors advanced certain theories on evolution as applied to the origin of man, and certain opinions on “higher criticism,” as conclusive and demonstrated truths. This was done although it is well known that evolution and the “higher criticism”—though perhaps containing many truths—are in conflict on some matters with the scriptures, including some modern revelation.

An investigation was instituted, founded on the charges of Superintendent H. H. Cummings of the Church schools, based on complaints from patrons of the school; and the General Church Board of Education appointed a committee to ascertain to what extent the teaching of unorthodox doctrines in the school by these instructors was based upon fact. The personnel of the committee was: Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Hyrum M. Smith, Charles W. Penrose, George F. Richards, Anthony W. Ivins, Horace H. Cummings, and Dr. George H. Brimhall.

The committee met with Professors Henry Peterson, Joseph

Peterson and Ralph V. Chamberlain—all three eminent scholars, able instructors, and men of excellent character—and the investigation was held. The meeting and examination were characterized by the utmost cordiality and freedom on both sides. The professors frankly admitted that they held to and taught the theories of evolution as at present set forth in the text books, and also theories relating to the Bible known as "higher criticism," which they appeared to view as conclusive and demonstrated; so that when these ideas and enunciations were in conflict with the scripture, ancient and modern, it required the modification of the latter to come into harmony with the former, carrying the impression that all revelation combines a human element with the divine impression and should be subject to such modification.

The Church, on the contrary, holds to the definite authority of divine revelation which must be the standard; and that, as so-called "science" has changed from age to age in its deductions, and as divine revelation is truth, and must abide forever, views as to the lesser should conform to the positive statements of the greater; and, further, that in institutions founded by the Church for the teaching of theology, as well as other branches of education, its instructors must be in harmony in their teachings with its principles and doctrines.

There was no inclination to interfere with the freedom of thought and expression of the opinion of the professors, but the committee, after carefully weighing the matter, concluded that as teachers in a Church school they could not be given opportunity to inculcate theories that were out of harmony with the recognized doctrines of the Church, and hence that they be required to refrain from so doing.

The committee so reported to the trustees of the Brigham Young University. This body later held a meeting at which they unanimously resolved, "that no doctrine should be taught in the Brigham Young University not in harmony with the revealed word of God as interpreted and construed by the Presidency and Apostles of the Church; and that the power and authority of determining whether any professor or other instructor of the institution is out of harmony with the doctrines and attitude of the Church, be delegated to the presidency of the university."

The wisdom of the committee and board of trustees in their actions, as well as the justice and consistency thereof, will be conceded by every right thinking man. The standard of faith and belief for all Latter-day Saints must be the word of the Lord as set forth in the holy scriptures. Undeviatingly should this be the case in Church institutions of learning, founded and sustained—one may say expressly—for the purpose of creating faith in the minds of the young people.

There are so many demonstrated practical material truths, so many spiritual certainties, with which the youth of Zion should become familiar, that it appears a waste of time and means, and detrimental to faith and religion to enter too extensively into the undemonstrated theories of men on philosophies relating to the origin of life, or the methods adopted by an Alwise Creator in peopling the earth with the bodies of men, birds and beasts. Let us rather turn our abilities to the practical analysis of the soil, the study of the elements, the productions of the earth, the invention of useful machinery, the social welfare of the race, and its material amelioration; and for the rest cultivate an abiding faith in the revealed word of God and the saving principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which give joy in this world and in the world to come eternal life and salvation.

Philosophic theories of life have their place and use, but it is not in the classes of the Church schools, and particularly are they out of place here or anywhere else when they seek to supplant the revelations of God. The ordinary student cannot delve into these subjects deep enough to make them of any practical use to him, and a smattering of knowledge in this line only tends to upset his simple faith in the gospel, which is of more value to him in life than all the learning of the world without it.

The religion of the Latter-day Saints is not hostile to any truth, nor to scientific search for truth. "That which is demonstrated, we accept with joy," said the First Presidency in their Christmas greeting to the Saints, "but vain philosophy, human theory and mere speculations of men, we do not accept, nor do we adopt anything contrary to divine revelation or to good, common sense. But everything that tends to right conduct, that har-

monizes with sound morality and increases faith in Deity, finds favor with us, no matter where it may be found."

A good motto for young people to adopt, who are determined to delve into philosophic theories, is to search all things, but be careful to hold on only to that which is true. The truth persists, but the theories of philosophers change and are overthrown. What men use today as a scaffolding for scientific purposes from which to reach out into the unknown for truth, may be torn down tomorrow, having served its purpose; but faith is an eternal principle through which the humble believer may secure everlasting solace. It is the only way to find God.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

"The Atonement."

"The Atonement" is the title of the text for the fourth year-book in the Seventies' Course in Theology, just issued from the press of the *Deseret News*, a book of 160 pages, by B. H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy. It is designed for the study course of the Seventies throughout the Church for the present year. The first four chapters deal with the relationship of the atonement to intelligences—eternal intelligences and progress.

The year book, number two, has dealt with the subject of Intelligences, though the application is used differently in the fourth year book, and hence the repetition. The principle set forth in the present manual will pertain to the relationship of these intelligences to the doctrine of the atonement and the expiatory suffering and death of Christ. The writer has approached his theme from a somewhat new standpoint. Ordinarily the discussion of the subject is begun with the birth of Christ, when he appeared on the earth as the son of Mary, but the author in this treatment has begun with those eternal intelligences that were to be affected by this earth-life, by the fall, by the atonement, and by the hope of eternal life which God promised before the earth began. The council in heaven is therefore next considered; man's redemption, the war in heaven, and free agency, the advent of men on earth, the fall, and the revelation of the plan for man's salvation, follow

in natural order. The doctrine of the atonement in ancient times, through the ages, and in the New Testament scriptures, is then taken up, and so, finally, to the consideration of the various events and laws that enter into the great theme of the atonement and which compose its philosophy and motive force.

The subject has a greater importance than writers heretofore upon theological topics have considered, judging by the paucity of treatises thereon. Only a limited edition of President John Taylor's *Mediation and Atonement* has been circulated, and this is practically the only work in our Church thus far devoted entirely to this principle, although the atonement is of such importance that one may well count it the heart of the gospel.

This new work is therefore presented to the Seventies, the special witnesses for the Lord Jesus Christ, as a new field for research in which this paramount doctrine is treated in such detail as has never before been set forth in the history of the literature of our Church. Undoubtedly the study will prove difficult; but the care which has been exercised in this book's compilation, the straightforwardness and completeness of the text, and the enlightening side-lights that have been thrown upon the main arguments throughout the work, will all tend to intensify interest in the study, and so make it easier and more attractive. Thus, while the study of the Seventies for this year is somewhat difficult because new, it is very entertaining, instructive and faith-promoting to those who are willing to search deep for the truth.

In the appendix of the book are found a chapter on soteriology, and epitomized views of other religious organizations and teachers than the Latter-day Saints, on the atonement. These are divided into the Catholic view, the Protestant view, and what the author calls the "Modern Liberal View," which latter may be explained as the conclusion of those who advocate what is called "higher criticism" and the doctrine of evolution.

While the text in the main body of the book is complete in itself, it has been sub-divided into topics, with introductory analyses and special texts, with references to Church and other works, mainly Church works, that treat upon the subject. The scripture-reading exercises are continued as heretofore. Altogether the student must find great profit and satisfaction in the

study of the fourth year book for the Seventies' quorums, and must necessarily be impressed with the value, necessity, importance, beauty, effectiveness and glory of the great theme upon which it treats.

Seven Years of Dry-Farming.

The ERA is in receipt of bulletin number 112 of the Utah Agricultural College Experiment Station, with the compliments of the author, Lewis A. Merrill. It is a 'report of seven years' investigation of dry-farming methods, and is a booklet which should be in the hands of every farmer in the land. He calls attention to the fact that while the settlement of Utah was made possible because of the introduction of irrigation, that dry-farming, or farming without irrigation, which was practiced soon after the settlement of the territory, though many of these early attempts failed, is destined to be a powerful help in the material enrichment of the community. From the bulletin it appears that a successful attempt at dry-farming, though others had been made as early as 1857, was made in 1865, in the Bear River Valley, by a company of emigrants who came from the Scandinavian countries, and who had settled in what is now known as Bear River City on the Malad river. Just prior to 1870, Christopher Layton succeeded in this line, in Davis county; and in Cache valley, Joshua Salisbury of Wellsville, and George L. Farrell of Smithfield, both succeeded in dry-farming methods, in the early 70's. The author of the pamphlet and Dr. John A. Widtsoe made an exhaustive study of the dry-farm situation in 1901. This study was practically forced upon them by the dry farm efforts of the farmers of Utah during the 80's. The farmers began to realize that the growth of population and the cost of producing wheat on irrigated lands would compel them to turn to the possibilities of dry-farming. This was followed in 1903, by the recommendation of Governor Heber M. Wells to the legislature which passed a law to have experimental farms established in various parts of the state. The direction of these farms was given to the State Agricultural College, and six such farms now exist in the state, while the dry-farm propaganda has spread in Utah until the methods are generally fairly well known

and practiced; hundreds of farmers are realizing good incomes from desert lands because of their strict adherence to the scientific dry-farm methods.

So far in Utah there are only 983 square miles of land irrigated, while the total area of Utah is 82,190 square miles. Of course, much of this country is mountainous, but a great deal of it may be used for dry-farming purposes. The pamphlet is brim full of information on dry-farming methods, gathered in seven years' experience on experimental farms, as well as historical facts invaluable to every farmer.

Dry-Farming.

Dry-Farming, a System of Agriculture for Countries Under a Low Rainfall, is the title of a new work just issued from the press of the McMillan Company, New York, price \$1.50, in all book stores, by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, A. M. Ph. D., president of the Agricultural College of Utah. The book consists of some 445 pages of matter, beautifully illustrated and printed in clear, handsome type. It is a pioneer work upon the subject on which it treats, since irrigation and dry-farming have been given very scant attention heretofore, though practically one-half of the earth's land surface remains to be reclaimed by the methods of dry-farming; "dry" being a misnomer, the author explains, "carrying with it the idea of dryness, when dry-farming really means farming under drier conditions than those prevailing in countries in which scientific agriculture originated." But the term dry-farming, using the hyphen, has a meaning all its own, and becomes an addition to the lexicon. This pioneer book, in the field of dry-farming, is the first attempt to assemble and organize the known facts of science in their relation to the profitable production of plants, without irrigation, in regions of limited rain-fall. The needs of the actual farmer have been kept in view primarily in its writing, though the author says that the subject is growing so rapidly now, that there will soon be room for two classes of treatment, one for the farmer, and one for the technical student. In the book's preface, the author calls attention to the stupendous possibilities of dry-farming, and says to the present generation of men:

In the strength of youth we have felt envious of the great ones of old; of Columbus, looking upon the shadow of the greatest continent; of Balboa, shouting greetings to the resting Pacific; of Father Escalante, pondering upon the mystery of the world, alone, near the shores of America's Dead Sea. We need harbor no such envyings, for in the conquest of the non-irrigated and non-irrigable desert are offered as fine opportunities as the world has known to the makers and shakers of empires. We stand before an undiscovered land; through the restless, ascending currents of heated desert air the vision comes and goes. With striving eyes the desert is seen covered with blossoming fields, with churches and homes and schools, and, in the distance, with the vision is heard the laughter of happy children. The desert will be conquered.

There are twenty chapters in the book, treating on dry-farming defined; theoretical basis of dry-farming; rainfall; climatic features of dry farm areas; dry-farm soils, and root systems of plants; storing water in the soil; regulating the evaporation and the transpiration; plowing and fallowing; sowing and harvesting; crops for dry-farming; composition of dry farm crops; maintaining the soil fertility; implements for dry-farming; irrigation and dry-farming; history of dry-farming; the present status of dry-farming, in many nations, including the United States in various localities, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Australia, Africa, Russia, Turkey, Palestine, and China; the year of drouth, and dry-farming in a nut shell. There are two appendices containing a partial bibliography of publications on dry-farming, the text of the Smoot-Mondell bill, together with a carefully prepared index. The illustrations throughout are rich, varied, and to the point. In this work the state of Utah can lay claim to the first scientific literary treatise on dry-farming as it has heretofore claimed the pioneer efforts in irrigation and dry-farming in actual practice; and the people of the state as well as of the nation are indebted to the master pen of Dr. Widtsoe for the splendid exposition of the possibilities of the desert redeemed. The book should be read by every lover of nature, the deserts, the mountains and the soil.

Messages from the Missions.

Elders John E. Hill, Samuel V. Spry and Desmond J. Barker, writing from Budapest, Hungary, January 19, 1911, say: "We feel well

in our work. We have here a few friends and one Saint. Now that we have some of our literature and a few songs in the Hungarian language, we feel that we will be able to search out the honest in heart. A letter from Mr. Arpad Pasztor, who recently visited Salt Lake City, appeared in a leading Budapest paper, giving his impressions of Salt Lake City and the "Mormons." It was very favorable, and, being read by thousands of people, will do us much good." The translation will appear in the ERA.

Elder E. Spencer Wright, of Salt Lake City, laboring in Chemnitz, Saxony, Germany, writes that the elders of the Dresden Conference baptized over two hundred new members into the Church during 1910, with an average number of fifteen elders in the conference. He closes with: "Zion is growing out here, and the elders are all happy and united, laboring from morning until night to find new members, and keeping up



their end of the work in this field." The elders laboring in that conference are shown in the cut. Top row: Elmer I. Stoddard, J. Leslie Smith, Verne L. Arnold, Calvin S. Smith, Frank K. Arnold, Robert H. Hinckley, Arch Reynolds, Thomas R. Jones. Sitting: George M. Hunt, August Dittmer, Henry D. Moyle, E. Spencer Wright, (Conference President) Leo M. Squires, E. Ray Berrett, Vernon A. Anderson. In front: John K. Tibbetts, Robert M. Campbell.

The Darbun, Mississippi, branch of the Church is one of the many country branches in the Southern States Mission. The picture rep-

resents the Sunday school. The branch is in a flourishing condition. Darbun is about twenty miles from the railroad. It is situated in the woods. The Saints, aided by the elders, built this beautiful little



L. D. S. SUNDAY SCHOOL IN DARBUN, MISSISSIPPI.

church in a clearing in the forest. President C. A. Callis dedicated it about a year ago. The Saints are good farmers, enterprising and progressive. They are valiant-hearted, and they rejoice in the gospel.

Elder Parley C. Rammell, of Quincy, Illinois, writes, February 1, that he and his companions had labored in that city for the past two months, and met with the best success in visiting among the people, explaining the principles of the gospel to them. Prospects are bright for the future, and the elders hope to do much good this spring. Elder Rammell also encloses a photo of the elders. Top row, left to right: Ervin A. Carter, Raymond, Canada; Parley C. Rammell, Haden, Idaho. Bottom row: John B. Eaton, Vernal, Conference President Chris Christensen, Levan, Utah; Arthur Burke, Idaho Falls.



Elder Rulon S. Haacke, of Salt Lake City, died on the journey across the sea from New Zealand to Salt Lake City, on the 25th of February, 1911, and his body was consigned to the sea, wrapped in strong canvass with two hundred pounds of iron so placed around the body as to keep

the head higher than the feet. Elder Haacke was stricken with diabetes, hence was released February 11, and in company with nine other elders, started home February 15, on the steamer *Aorange*. It was hoped that he would reach home before his death, but his father, who waited for him in San Francisco, received the sad news that his son was buried at sea. He had been on his mission one year and ten months when he was stricken with the disease. He was a young man of good character, and was especially talented as a violinist.

Elder Francis A. Miller, writing from Barre, Vermont, February 20, says: "In spite of the opposition, the elders here have succeeded in establishing a flourishing Sunday school, the only one of its kind in the state of Vermont.



We hope with the combined efforts of the elders, and the blessings of our Father in heaven, to promote the cause of truth in these parts, and that old Vermont will add to

her already good supply, many more noble converts to the restored gospel. The elders, who are enjoying their work, are holding hall meetings every Sunday evening, and cottage meetings every week. Open air meetings will begin as soon as the weather will permit." The cut shows the elders laboring in that place: David Hanks, Salem; George C. Larsen, Salt Lake City; Louis W. Larsen, Logan (Conference President); Francis A. Miller, Spanish Fork, Utah.

Elder D. Leo Hibbert, writing from Brooklyn, New York, January 30, states that there is an organized branch of the Church there, also a



Sunday school and classes where the gospel is taught and studied. The elders held street meetings last summer, at which much prejudice was overcome, as well as literature distributed. Tracting has been carried on continually, and the people largely accept of it. While Brooklyn is considered the city of churches, yet the elders have many places

to visit with the people in their homes. More elders could be used to good advantage, as the elders do not have time to visit their friends

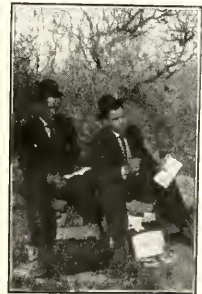
as they ought to. "The ERA is indeed a welcome visitor to us. Our friends often find comfort and information from its pages." Left to right: D. Leo Hibbert, Union, Oregon; Clarence Burgess, Lund, Nevada; Lott E. Presson, Lehi, Utah; William O. Clark, Montpelier, Joseph B. Alexander, Marion, Idaho.

Elder Niels R. Erickson and companions are laboring in the city of Linköping, Sweden, where a branch of the Church was organized on the 24th of April, 1910. The prospect for a thriving branch in that district is good. The cut shows the elders laboring there. Reading from left to right they are: Niels R. Erickson, Logan, Utah; P. F. Swenson, Twin Falls, La Verne Madson, Rigby, Jas. Monson, St. Charles, Idaho.



Elder Ira Moore, writing from Grand Island, Nebraska, February 16, says that the efforts of the missionaries in tracting is proving a success in that district. They meet people every day who are desirous of learning more of the great truths of "Mormonism." They open their homes for the elders to explain their message, and good results follow. The cut shows the elders laboring in that place. Top row, left to right: L. K. Wood, Mendon, C. A. Hogge, West Weber, Utah. Bottom row: J. H. Robertson, Fountain Green, Utah; Ira Moore, Rigby, Idaho.

Elders William B. White, Jr., of Salt Lake City, and William B. Muir, Rexburg, Idaho, are elders laboring in the North Texas conference. They are making headway in the study of the scriptures while traveling from place to place in the country. They sold fifteen Books of Mormon, seventy-five tracts, held nine street meetings and ten hall and eight cottage meetings during January. They preach with as little money as possible, believing that they should follow the advice given to the apostles of old to preach the gospel without purse or scrip. They put their trust in the Lord, and have had every provision for clothing, and food wherever they have gone. Often they have received money to help them in their work, and they believe that if they are always humble and prayerful they will not want. They often do their writing in the woods, without a library, in the peaceful surroundings of mother nature.



Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Seventies' Fourth Year Book.—The fourth book in the theological course of study, outlined for the members of the quorums of seventy, has already been placed in the hands of many of those for whom it has been prepared. The book deals with the vicarious work wrought out for all men by the Redeemer.

“As to the importance of the atonement need anything be said? It is the very heart of the gospel from whose pulsations the streams of both spiritual and eternal physical life proceed. It is the fact which gives vitality to all else in the gospel. If the atonement be not a reality then our preaching is in vain; our baptisms and confirmations meaningless; the eucharist a mere mummery of words; our hope of eternal life without foundation, we are still in our sins, and we Christian men, of all men, are the most miserable. A theme that affects all this cannot fail of being important.”

No exhaustive treatise on this all-important doctrine has heretofore been presented, for the study and thought of members of the priesthood quorums. It is most fitting that the seventies, the special witnesses for the Lord Jesus, should be the first to have an outline of work prepared for them, that will lead to a studious and prayerful consideration of the wonderful work that has been performed by our Master for mankind. Men who are to be witnesses in all the world, in behalf of the shed blood of the Christ, should be anxious to understand the necessity, and philosophy, of the doctrine of the atonement. A mastery of the lessons now offered to the seventies will bring mental, intellectual, and spiritual development and power.

Loyalty to Year Book.—A supply of year books has been sent to each quorum of seventy. The First Council are depending upon the various quorum councils to see that the books are promptly distributed among quorum members. Presidents should be ambitious to place a copy in the hands of every man in their respective quorums. Ten thousand copies have been printed in order that every seventy may be supplied. A united, earnest effort will speedily exhaust the edition. Local councils

look to the First Council for an outline of work. Now that the work is prepared, the quorum presidents are relied upon to assist in getting it into the hands of the men for whom it is intended. Presidents should not be satisfied until every man has come into possession of a copy. Remember, presidents, that for every member who does not have a book, the money has been spent necessary to produce that book, and it is on the shelf, in the book closet of the seventies' office in Salt Lake City, as dead stock. It is hoped there are but few who will favor loading the Salt Lake office with such dead stock. If presidents will district their work, and visit the members, practically every seventy will support the year book. The information offered in the work now prepared, is of a high order, and should be gladly patronized by seventies everywhere.

Seventies Should Have Complete Sets of Year Books.—During the latter part of 1910 and the first months of 1911, members of the First Council have visited nearly all the quorums of seventy in the Church. One result flowing from these visits has been the ordination of a large number of men, to the office of seventy. These new members will at times feel at a loss, in studying the lessons of the fourth Year Book, owing to frequent references being made to former Year Books. The new members not being in possession of the books heretofore issued. It will be greatly to the advantage of every seventy to have a complete set of the books. The full set can be supplied either separately, or bound in volumes, two books being bound in one volume, one and two together, and three and four together. The books strongly bound in cloth, in this form, sell at seventy-five cents per volume. All who really contemplate doing real work as students should have all the books. Members, both old and new, will do well to obtain the set while they are to be obtained.

High Priests' Study.—Many of the classes are finding delight in the study of the second volume of Church history, which contains many items of history and providences of God over his people not generally referred to.

OUTLINES FOR MAY.

Lesson 7.—The covenant of tithing. The Lectures on Faith and their nature. Chapter 12.

Lesson 8.—The Twelve chosen and the Seventy organized. Chapters 13 and 13-2.

Lesson 9.—The Revelation on Priesthood, and the First Mission of the Twelve. Chapters 14 and 15.

Mutual Work.

Annual Reports and Conferences.

A supply of annual report blanks for the ward and stake reports has been mailed to stake superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A., which we trust will reach them promptly. Please see that the reports are distributed without delay to wards, in ample time for the ward presidents to make up their reports at the close of their season's work, and return them promptly by May 1, to the stake secretary, who should then prepare the stake report, and see that it reaches the general secretary *not later than May 10*, in order that there may be time to compile the general report for presentation at the June annual conference, which will be held this year June 2, 3, and 4.

There is no change in the ward reports. They should be carefully filled out, and all the information asked for furnished. Be careful to call attention to the fact that the twenty-five cent M. I. A. general fund money should not be included in the ward financial reports.

A new form for the stake reports has been prepared which should be carefully studied, and the instructions complied with, as printed on the blanks. On the line marked "stake," at the bottom of the report, enter all stake board meetings, conventions, conferences and anything of that nature that does not come within the jurisdiction of the wards, and also the stake financial report. Be sure, also, to fill in the names of the ward officers on the back of the report. This is an important and new request, which it is hoped will be promptly attended to. Two copies of the ward reports should be prepared, one retained by the ward and the other forwarded to the stake secretary; and likewise two copies of the stake report, one retained by the stake secretary, and the other forwarded to the general office. An extra blank for each ward and stake is sent in case one should be damaged.

If these blanks do not reach you within a reasonable length of time please notify the general secretary without delay. Your attention is called to the general M. I. A. fund. Please urge the wards to send in their remittances to the stakes, in order that the stake remittances may reach this office in ample time to be included in the report for the June conference.

Passing Events.

Exports from the United States in January, 1911, showed a gain of \$52,500,000 over the same month in 1910, as announced by the Bureau of Statistics, Washington.

An extra session of Congress has been called by President William H. Taft, to convene April 4. The cause of the assembling is the failure of the sixty-first Congress to take action on Canadian reciprocity. The House approved the tariff agreement, but it was not voted upon by the Senate.

Richard A. Ballinger, of Seattle, Secretary of the Interior, resigned January 19, as a member of President Taft's cabinet. This resignation was made public and accepted, March 7, and Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, was appointed as his successor. President Taft reluctantly accepted the resignation and declared unchanging faith in Mr. B's integrity, motives and official standards, and declared that Mr. Ballinger had been the "subject of one of the most unscrupulous conspiracies for the defamation of character that history can show."

Avard Fairbanks, thirteen years of age, son of John Fairbanks, the artist, secured recognition on the 23th of February, at the hands of the National Academy of Design, in New York, by the acceptance and admission of his group, "Fighting Panthers," into that institution. The bright and talented young lad was born at Provo, though he has resided the greater part of his life in Salt Lake City, where his brother Leo is the director of drawing in the public schools. His father is a well-known landscape painter, now in New York, with his son Avard.

Harriet Barney Young, widow of President Brigham Young, died February 14, in Salt Lake City. She was born October 13, 1830, and was the daughter of Royal and Sarah Eastbrook Barney. She embraced the gospel in the early days of the Church, passing through the hardships and privations of the pioneer days. In faith and works she was the embodiment of all that is good, extending a helping hand to all, and working for a period of thirty-five years for the redemption of

the dead. Her crowning adornment was her sublime spirituality. In her private and public life she was modest, quiet, and unassuming, as she was true and faithful.

The largest inheritance tax on record in the United States was lately received by the state of Utah. The check, dated March 1, 1911, was received by State Treasurer David Mattson, on the 9th of March, from Mrs Mary W. Harriman, executrix, and was made out for the amount of \$798,546.85, being the inheritance tax on the late Edward H. Harriman's property in Utah. The legislature on the 10th passed a bill appropriating \$750,000 of the amount towards the building of the state capitol, in Salt Lake City, which had been arranged for earlier in the session, and for which a bond issue of one million dollars had been authorized.

The corporation tax provision in the Payne-Aldrich tariff act was held by unanimous opinion of the United States Supreme Court, rendered March 13, to be valid. The decision was announced by Justice William R. Day, appointed to the Supreme Court from Ohio, in 1903. The opinion was an elaborate treatment of the subject, and the tax was declared to be an excise tax on the doing of corporate business, and not a direct tax on the ownership of property. It was held that the tax was not applicable to the real estate "trust" of Boston, and the Minneapolis syndicate, since they were not "doing business" within the meaning of the law. An income of approximately twenty-five million dollars annually will be assured to the government by this decision.

Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the north pole, was promoted to rear-admiral by Congress on the 4th of March. He was put upon the retired list of the engineering corps and paid from the time he discovered the pole. On the evening of the same day, Dr. Frederick A. Cook lectured to a great audience in Salt Lake City, discrediting all of Peary's claims to polar distinction, and declaring him a buccaneer in the Arctic, and an assassin in the field of geographic honor. It will be remembered that Dr. Cook's claim to the discovery of the north pole was rejected by American and Danish scientists, but recently he has made a renewal of the claim to be the discoverer of the pole. To the Salt Lake audience, he made a clear and simple statement regarding his own journey in the Arctic wastes.

New wards and changes for the month of February, 1911, are reported as follows, by the Presiding Bishop's office: The name of Big Cottonwood ward, Granite stake, changed to Holliday. Joseph Y. Larson sustained as bishop of the Holliday ward, Granite stake, to succeed

Milo Andrus. William D. Van Dyke, Jr., sustained as bishop of the Ogden Third ward, North Weber stake, to succeed Carl E. Peterson. Brinton ward, Granite stake, organized, Albert Quist, bishop, organized from a part of the old Big Cottonwood ward. George A. Fuller sustained as bishop of the Eden ward, Ogden stake, to succeed Henry J. Fuller, deceased. Joseph Nelson Ford sustained as bishop of the Centerville ward, Davis stake, to succeed Melvin H. Randall. David J. Reese sustained as bishop of the Adamsville ward, Beaver stake, to succeed Thomas L. Griffiths.

Famine and plague in China continue to devastate parts of that country. Cables from Mr. Calhoun, American minister at Peking, to the State department, inform the government that two million dollars, at least, will be required for the famine sufferers in China. At Shanghai the American consul-general states that two million people will die of starvation if help is not immediately sent. The American Red Cross society has undertaken to collect and transmit relief funds, while Congress has authorized the use of army transports for the conveying of supplies, and appropriated fifty thousand dollars for that purpose. The first relief steamer from Seattle carried one thousand tons of provisions. In one of the provinces of China, thousands of people are dying of pulmonary plague, a disease of the lungs caused by coughing; up to March 2, deaths from plague in Manchuria reached sixty-five thousand, and the famine has caused more deaths than the plague.

Investigation of "Mormon" activity in England will be made by the House of Commons. On the 6th of March, Secretary Churchill stated that the attention of the government had been attracted to recent allegations that young girls were being induced to emigrate to Utah, and that the matter was causing deep concern. He therefore proposed to investigate the subject exhaustively, with a view to bringing out the exact facts. President Rudger Clawson, of the European Mission of the Latter-day Saints, welcomes the investigation, as do his co-laborers in that country, for they are confident there can be no other outcome before a fair judicial tribunal than a complete vindication of the actions of the Church. It has nothing to fear from an impartial and honest investigation, for its emigration affairs, as well as its missionary work in Great Britain, have been conducted in a manner that will bear the closest scrutiny. The Church has nothing to lose and everything to gain by the action which the home secretary has recommended. On the 6th of March a demented man broke the windows and door of the mission house in Liverpool, "for God's sake," he said.

San Francisco has won the Panama Canal Exhibition. The

late Congress, which adjourned March 4, designated San Francisco as the place for holding the Panama Canal exhibition, in 1915, in celebration of the opening of the canal which it is expected will be completed by that time. The people of San Francisco received the news by a great celebration and discharge of fireworks. The Californians have expressed themselves that the national government would not be asked for a single cent for expenses. Before the decision was rendered, the people of California had already raised seventeen million dollars for exhibition purposes. The celebration will be the seventh of a series of great celebrations of this character held in the United States, beginning with the centennial celebration held in Philadelphia in 1876. While the other six celebrations have marked dates or events in American history, this one will be even more important, since it will celebrate a turning point in the history of the world,—man's greatest engineering feat, and his most important victory over nature. It will indeed fulfil the great dream of Columbus—a western highway to India. Congress has appropriated one million dollars for the government exhibit.

The revolution in Mexico continues, and severe fighting in Casas Grandes and several other places was reported. In order to enforce the neutrality laws and protect the border line, and, as some declare, be on hand to guard American interests in Mexico, or to use intervention in case of necessity, the war department of the United States ordered the mobilization of nearly one-fourth of the United States army, twenty thousand troops, in Texas, and on the border line between Mexico and this country. It was given out in Washington that the purpose of the movement was for maneuvers, for the training of officers and men. On the evening of the seventh of March, the fifteenth United States Infantry, located at Fort Douglas, Utah, moved to Pueblo, on telegraphic orders received from the war department, at 10 o'clock the night previous. The order was signed by Brigadier-General W. S. Schuyler, commanding the department of the Colorado. Colonel Walter S. Scott commanded the 15th Infantry on their way to Fort Houston, Texas, *via* Pueblo. The troops expected to return to Salt Lake before leaving for the Philippines on the first of May. Their families and effects were left at the fort. In connection with the mobilization of the army, American warships, ready for battle, were assigned to patrol duty on the Pacific and Gulf coasts of Mexico. The Secretary of War, Jacob M. Dickinson, has denied that the United States government contemplates intervention. On the 11th constitutional guarantees were suspended by the Mexican government throughout the republic, which action practically placed the whole country under a mild martial law.

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